

Gerard

THE
L I F E
O F
ROBERT BRUCE,
K I N G O F S C O T S.

A Heroic P O E M.

In three BOOKS.

By JOHN HARVEY, M. A.

*Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum; ferus omnia Jupiter Argos
Transtulit.*

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(vi)

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The LORD BRUCE

My LORD,

THE ensuing poem presumes to shelter it self under your patronage; not upon account of its merit, but in confidence of its title. ROBERT BRUCE was born to make his own way to greatness and to renown; to become the love and astonishment of mankind; and hath, in a manner, secur'd the success of any honest and tolerable endeavour in his behalf. Whilst others may strain hard to distinguish their heroes and themselves, the least attempt in his favour shines back upon the author, and gilds him with the reflections of his glory.

Unknown, my lord, but thus supported, I have ventur'd into your presence; 'tis thus I have dar'd to be bold, in spite of my imperfections and obscurity. Nor am I ignorant of the danger and delicacy that attend such an essay, as is that of the Life of ROBERT BRUCE King of Scots; the very mention of whose name can consign to fame, or condemn to infamy for ever. A name that hath long ago disarm'd malice and flattery at once; and hath set it self equally above libel and panegyric!

I shall hope the best. I am sure I have meant well, and your lordship knows, perfection is no prerogative of humanity.

If his character then can affect at such a rate the least remembrance of him, even in an obscure person and a stranger; what glory must it diffuse amongst his kindred, what honours derive upon his posterity? Your noble family, my lord, need not have recourse to the herauld-office for a Coat, or an Escutcheon: You have many a

gallant

gallant field to furnish out the Device, and Bannockburn to distinguish the Bearing. The descendents of ROBERT BRUCE need not envy those actions that are handed down to us in the sounding rhetoric of Greece, or that appear in the brightest pomp of Roman eloquence. By him the laurels of Marathon have been rival'd on the banks of Forth, nor do the Grampian plains give way to those of Pharsalia.

It is not, my lord, the intent of this address, to inroach upon your time, or to run a length of encomium, equally nauseous and suspected. All my design is to beg your Lordship's protection to an essay on the reign of your great ancestor; one of the most renown'd Princes (as Buchanan, no very great friend to Monarchy, owns) that ever swayed a scepter.

I hope his character has suffer'd as little in my hands, as it has by any former attempt this way: And if you can find any account in the perusal of these sheets, that, with the continued honour and happiness of your illustri-

ous family, (now the only rival of its great originals, Huntington and Carrick) shall complete the satisfaction of,

MY LORD

Your Lordship's

Most Humble,

Most Obedient, and

Devoted Servant,

John Harvey.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

I DO not pretend, in the following sheets, to present the reader with an epic poem. All I presume is, that I have wrote something in imitation of one, as will, I hope, appear from the subsequent hints. To begin then with the action, it ought to be founded on historical truth, or may be founded upon fable. The patrons for the absolute necessity of fable have the whole current of antiquity against them : For when they have thrown Lucan and Statius out of the class of epic writers among the ancients, and Tasso and Milton among the moderns, because their poems were not founded upon fiction ; yet unluckily the Iliad and Æneid stand in the way, built upon certain fact, upon true and undeniable history.

That the Æneid is grounded upon fact, is plain from the joint testimony,

ny of all the Roman historians. The account of Æneas his coming into Italy, settling there, and giving the first rise to the Roman state, which was founded by his successors about three hundred years after him, has been confirmed by the general voice of antiquity for upwards of two thousand years, and is only opposed by a supercilious critic or two, who would pretend (in order to be singular, and consequently distinguish'd), that Æneas never came into Italy. I have not time to enter into the merits of their side of the question; nor do I think it necessary, since the majority on ours must determine the case, and render the assertion of a single person or two, of very little or no moment at all.

That the Iliad is likewise founded upon historical truth, is plain from the unanimous consent of all antiquity. And if we should reject every account besides, yet we never can that of Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis, who both served at the siege of Troy, the one on the Trojan side, the

the other on the Grecian, under Idomeneus king of Crete. This last was particularly enjoined by that prince, to write the memoirs of so remarkable a siege; which he did in Phœnician characters, upon the barks or rather rinds of Linden trees; and ordering at his death a copy to be interred with him in a tin chest, it was done at Gnoſſus, the place of his birth and burial: But his grave having been afterwards thrown open by an earthquake, some peasants found the chest, and delivered it to their master Eurpraxides, by whom it was carried to Rutilius Rufus, the Roman proconsul in those parts, and by him sent to Nero the emperor, who commanded the history to be translated into Greek, the Latin version whereof is now in every body's hands. So that we see the two only epic poems (at least those that are allowed for such), are founded on real historical truth, and as certain fact; as is the poem called, *The Life of Robert Bruce King of Scots*.

The time of action (beginning at the battle of Methuen, which fell out, according

according to Buchanan, on the 13th of the calends of August, or the 18th of July, to the battle of Bannockburn, which happened on the 21st of July after), comprehends eleven months and some days.

The action itself is one, according to the strictest rules.

The particular attempts of James Douglas, Edward Bruce, Thomas Randolph, &c. make up the different episodes, which are all subservient to the grand action.

I hope the moral is as clear, and as plainly deducible from the subject, as can possibly be desired. Piety, patience, and courage, are inculcated on the reader from the character of ROBERT BRUCE; where they shone in so conspicuous a manner. The pride, the violence, and tyranny of his foreign enemies; the treachery, the villany, and at last the total ruin of his rebellious subjects, are set in their proper light. The first part to be imitated by every prince, the latter to be detested by every person that is honest, and a lover of his country.

As

As to the number of books in an heroic poem, there can, I presume, be no stated rule. Or if there is, and if Homer be the standard, Virgil is in the wrong. But Homer cannot be the standard, nor was the *Iliad* ever divided by him into books, but sung or recited in little broken sketches, called by the Greeks *Rhapsodies*; and were so handed about, till (because they contained excellent maxims both civil and military) they were collected by Lycurgus the great lawgiver of the Spartans, and after him digested into that order they now appear in amongst us, by Solon and others.

Machines are parts of a poem introduced upon extraordinary occasions. When a difficulty occurs that exceeds all probability of being unraveled by human means, then the poet must have recourse to some superior power, whose intervention is requisite for clearing the embarrassment. I have introduced them but sparingly, and never, I think, but upon necessity.

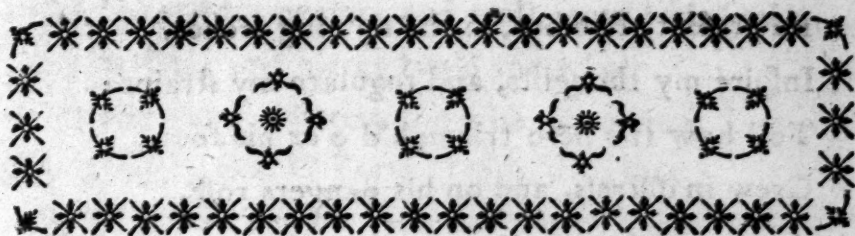
As

As to the manners and characters, I hope they are pretty evenly preserved; but I leave the judgment of the whole to the reader.

I have used the word *South'ron*, as it was a term in those days, peculiarly appropriated by the Scots to the English, upon account of their situation in respect to them; and because it has more of the air of those times than the ordinary modern appellation. And where the word *Southern* is made use of (which I think is but once) it denotes the south parts of Scotland. I do not remember any thing further worth observing; where any escapes do occur, the reader may pardon or correct them as he thinks fit.



T H E



T H E
L I F E
O F
R O B E R T B R U C E,
K I N G o f S C O T S.

BOOK I.

WHILST I, unequal, tempt the mighty theme,
And rise, advent'rous, to the BRUSSIAN
name ;

Whilst in my soul a filial ardour reigns,
To sing the hero sweating on the plains ;
Immers'd in ills, and long with foes beset,
By caution now, now desperately great ;

A

Be present, Phœbus, in the op'ning scenes,
Inspire my thoughts, and regulate my strains;
Tell how the hero triumph'd o'er his foes,
Grew in distress, and on his dangers rose.

IN former ages, and in ancient reigns,
When sense and honour grac'd Ierne's plains *;
When her high monarchs and her heroes stood,
In streams of Cimbrian and of Saxon blood †;
Proud of her sons, old Caledonia dar'd ‡
The haughty foe, nor foreign insult fear'd.
Her monarchs then to lineal honours grew,
And conquest grac'd each hero's awful brow.

In those remoter times (as fame hath said),
A prince renown'd || th' Albanian sceptre sway'd ;
Well

* *Grac'd Ierne's plains.* Ierne, from the old Galician word Eryn or Heryn, signifies a country that lies towards the west : It is commonly taken for that part of Scotland called Strathern, and figuratively for the whole nation.

† *In streams of Cimbrian and of Saxon blood.* Cimbri was the ancient name of that warlike people now called the Danes, who over-run many nations, conquered England, but received so frequent overthrows in this country, that Scotland was called *Danorum Tumulus*, the grave of the Danes.

‡ *Old Caledonia dar'd.* Caledonia, properly taken for that part of Scotland which runs along the face of the hills from Aberdeen into Cumberland, and figuratively for the whole.

|| *A prince renown'd.* Alexander III. who died of a fall from his horse at *Kinghorn*. *Albanian, &c.*



Well fram'd his person, and well form'd his soul,
True majesty and mercy tun'd the whole.
Unhappy day ! wherein the wise, the great,
Upon thy banks, O Forth, resign'd to fate !
May that dire day be from our annals torn,
Nor let the sun once cheer the guilty morn.
Since then, what slaughter rag'd on Scotia's shore,
And drench'd the mother in the children's gore ?
What dire oppression on her mountains reign'd* ?
What blood and rapine all her vallies stain'd ?
The barb'rous marks of curst tyrannic sway,
Of lawless might, and kingly perjury:
Beneath her hills, old Caledonia groans †,
Mourns her waste cities and her slaughter'd sons ;
Beholds unnumber'd legions crowd her strand,
And lust and havock ravage all the land.
Greatly distress'd ! impatient of the day,
Slow to a Grampian cave she bends her way ‡:

A 2

There,

from Albin or Albinich, the name given to Scotland by the Highlanders.

* *What dire oppression, &c.* No body needs to be informed of Edward I. of England's being chosen arbiter in the controversy betwixt Bruce and Baliol for the crown of Scotland, his unjust usurpation, and the miseries that kingdom was reduced to by his means.

† *Old Caledonia, &c.* This prosopopœia or fiction of persons, every reader knows to be common, especially in poetry.

‡ *Slow to a Grampian cave, &c.* The mountains of Granzeben, commonly called the Grampian hills,

There, like some ruin'd pile, great in decay,
 Sunk in her woes, the sacred matron lay :
 Deep in the grot, upon a mossy bed,
 Silent reclines her venerable head.
 Solemn in grief, majestic in despair,
 Thus waits till these dire accents reach'd her ear ;
 " The barb'rous foe now triumphs on thy shore,
 ' And the fam'd Caledonia is no more."
 Unhappy sound ! the matron's doleful cries
 Affail th' immortals, and fatigue the skies.
 At last, omnipotence beholds our ills,
 And pity straight th' eternal bosom fills.

'Twas night, but where, above yon azure skies,
 Empyrean domes on flaming columns rise ;
 High arch'd with gold, with blazing em'ralds bright,
 Far thro' the void diffuse a purple light ;
 There shining regions feel no fading ray,
 Lost in the splendors of eternal day.
 Enthron'd amidst the strong effulgence, sat
 The pow'r supreme ! surrounding spirits wait.
 He calls the guardian of the Scottish sway,
 And Ariel hastens thro' the choirs of day.
 Then from the throne th' immortal silence broke,
 (Trembled the solid heavens as he spoke),

Fly

run from Aberdeen in the north to Dumbarton in the west ; and contain the braes of the Mearns, Angus, Perthshire, the Lennox hills, and several countries beside.

Book I. King ROBERT BRUCE. 5

Fly, Ariel, fly, and let a guardian's hand *
Prevent the ruin of this fav'rite land ;
Old Caledonia, once thy pious care,
O'er-run with blood, with ravage and despair,
Old Caledonia ! sunk beneath her ills,
With her loud cries th' eternal mansions fills. [spire
Haste, and the youth†, whom heav'n hath chose, in-
With filial duty, and with martial fire ;
Arm his intrepid soul to save the state,
Preserve his mother, and reverse her fate.

He spoke: The seraph bows, and wings his way,
Swift o'er the realms of unextinguish'd day ;

A 3

Down

* * *Fly, Ariel, fly, &c.* 'Tis hoped the reader will allow the justice of this piece of machinery, because of its necessity. Scotland was now reduced, in a manner, beyond all human means of recovery. Nothing could save it but the intervention and influence of some superior power. This, the author, with submission, thought a *dignus vindice nodus*, a difficulty that required such an interposal, and consequently introduced the machine.

† *Haste, and the youth, &c.* Sir William Wallace of Ellersly, who stood for the liberties of Scotland, in opposition to the usurpation of Edward I. The reader will please to observe here, that the author designs not a particular detail of the actions of Sir William Wallace, but only so far as they immediately concern the affairs of Robert Bruce. And therefore he brings Wallace directly to the battle of Falkirk, where, in a conference with that prince, he lays before him the treacherous designs of the English king, and convinces him of his own loyalty to his country, and the *Brussian* interest.

Down thro' the lower spheres directs his flight,
And sails, incumbent, on inferior night.

Where Tay, thro' verdant vallies rolls his waves,
And fair Æneia's fruitful borders laves;
Rear'd on its margin old Alestun stands,
Whose rising spires o'erlook the neighb'ring lands:
The youthful hero here all silent lay,
And in soft slumbers lull'd the cares of day.
With speed th' immortal nuncio hither flies,
And Fergus' air and shape his form disguise.
Approaching soft, his wond'ring eyes he fix'd
On the young hero's bloom, with manly vigour
mix'd;

But saw, while slumbers thus his limbs invest,
Short sighs and groans, alternate, heave his breast.
His country's wrongs still in his bosom roll,
Invade his dreams and rack his gen'rous soul.

'Twas now th' aerial minister began,
And in great Fergus' voice address'd the man.
Arise, my son, thy dauntless arm oppose
To this vast deluge of thy barb'rous foes.
Involv'd in blood, see thy dear country lies,
And her loud plaints have reach'd the pitying skies.
To thee, O youth divine! whom fate decrees
Restorer of thy country's liberties;
To thee this sacred charge from heav'n I bring,
Commission'd by the Gods eternal king.

Rouse

Rouse then, my son, exert thy warlike pow'r,
And drive the foe from this unhappy shore ;
Date thy renown from this auspicious day,
And save from ruin the Fergusian sway.
He said ; and mounting in a blaze of light,
The seraph reascends th' empyreal height.

By this Aurora, in her chariot drawn,
Had ting'd the ruddy east, and blush'd the dawn:
When call'd by heav'n to manage heav'n's designs,
In glitt'ring steel, th' Ellerslian hero shines.
Born to chastise the pride of perjur'd kings,
Quick to the field the youthful warrior springs.
While higher names (a base degen'rate crowd)
Stain their proud titles, and disgrace their blood :
For faction's ends their country's rights forego,
Treach'rous retire, or, impious, aid the foe.
Others more honest, but by pow'r oppress'd,
Had tamely purchas'd an inglorious rest ;
Only a few, whose thoughts, by heav'n inspir'd,
And with the sacred love of freedom fir'd,
Bravely disclaim'd the proud usurper's sway,
Nor fraud nor force their gen'rous souls betray ;
These on their country's freedom fix their eyes,
And threats and promises alike despise.
Immortal chiefs ! who (if my artless rhyme
Can gain upon the injuries of time)
Shall live, to late posterity renown'd,
With wreaths of everlasting laurel crown'd.

Among

Among the first, the brave Limonian thane*,
And Hay and Lauder glitter'd on the plain.
The daring Seton, and the faithful Boyd,
Dauntless approach, and close the hero's side.
Ramfay, and Lyffe, and Stewart of race divine,
In awful pomp, and dreadful honours shine.
Crawford, and Campbell (long a loyal name!)
Array'd in steel, to that assembly came.
Then Keith and Murray, with their shining shield,
And Baird and Barclay, loyal, grace the field.
Each warrior led a small, but honest band,
Fix'd to the interests of his native land.
Cumming approach'd, ten thousand in his train,
The fatal ruin of the future plain.
The Gordon, to a length of honours born,
Ruthven and Ker, the rendezvous adorn.
Cleland and Auchinleck, a faithful pair,
Haste to the field, and, gen'rous, aid the war.
Now last of all appears upon the plain,
The love and wonder of the warlike train,
Intrepid Graham! the martial pomp to crown,
Array'd in burnish'd steel, severely shone.
The chiefs at once the Godlike man accost,
And fondly welcome to the loyal host.
From out the throng, the leader quickly ran,
And to his bosom prest the gallant man:

Hail,

* *Limonian Thane.* The Earl of *Lennox*.

Hail, dearest brother! welcome to my arms,
 Born to redress thy ruin'd country's harms;
 Straight, at thy presence, vanish all my cares,
 And all my anxious dread of future wars.
 He said. The chief, advancing on the plain,
 With graceful mein salutes the warrior-train.

By this the sun had shot a fainter ray,
 And down the western steep had roll'd the day;
 When to Falkirk, inclos'd with verdant meads,
 The gen'rous host th' ELLERSLIAN hero leads,
 From thence to the Torwood their way they chose,
 And mid'st its shades enjoy'd a soft repose.

Now o'er the Ochel-heights the rising beam*,
 Darts thro' the rustling leaves a wavy gleam;
 When from the wood, advancing to the plain,
 In martial honours shone the Grampian train.
 The daring leader waves his awful hand,
 And list'ning chiefs in silent order stand.
 Approaching squadrons next inclose the man,
 While from a rising ground he thus began.

“ Immortal sons of Albion's ancient race,
 ‘ Whom faith unstain'd, and loyal honours grace;
 ‘ Whose noble ancestors, undaunted, stood
 ‘ In streams of Cimbrian and of Saxon blood;

Whom

* Now o'er the Ochel-heights, &c. Ocelli Montes, the Ochel-hills lye betwixt Strathern, Clackmannan, and Kinross-shires, and for the most part are all green.

' Whom Rome's imperial arms essay'd in vain,
 ' Her eagles shrinking on the bloody plain;
 ' Behold, my friends, your ruin'd country's woes,
 ' And view the triumphs of her barb'rous foes,
 ' Gasping in death, see Caledonia lies,
 ' And to the heav'ns and you for succour cries,
 ' You! whom, of all her progeny, she owns
 ' Her genuine offspring, and her duteous sons.
 ' Behold your aged sires in fetters pin'd,
 ' Or to a dungeon's noisome depth confin'd,
 ' With upcast eyes implore your filial aid,
 ' And feebly sink again the hoary head.
 ' Behold our ravish'd virgins, and our youth,
 ' The spoils and victims of the perjur'd south*;
 ' Yourself from all your dearest pledges torn,
 ' With want oppress'd, with infamy and scorn;
 ' Thro' woods, and wilds, and lonely desarts tost,
 ' Expos'd to summer suns, and winter frost:
 ' Whilst the proud south'rons, by no power withstood,
 ' Pillage your fortunes, and debauch your blood.
 ' Unhappy Scots! are all our heroes fled?
 ' Our Fergus', Kenneths*, and our Malcolms dead†?

Our

* *The perjur'd south, &c.* Edward I. of England had sworn to determine impartially in the controversy betwixt BRUCE and Bāliol; but breaking that oath, endeavour'd to usurp the sovereignty himself.

† *Our Fergus', Kenneths, &c.* The Picts having join'd the Romans and Britons against the Scots, defeated

' Our Hays and Keiths, and our immortal Grahams†,
 ' And all our glorious list of ancient names ?
 ' Was it for this those mighty heroes stood
 ' In storms of death, and crimson scenes of blood ?
 ' Did those stern patriots in battle shine,
 ' To save their country, and secure their line ;
 ' When Tay beheld them, and the trembling Forth,
 ' Mix in dire conflict with the warlike north ?
 ' And shall no son confess his gen'rous fire ?
 ' No bosom kindle with the glorious fire ?
 ' See ! yonder Loncarty's and Barry's plain,
 ' Still red with carnage of the slaughter'd Dane !
 ' Those very fields where your great fathers fought;
 ' And 'midst a waste of death your freedom bought.
 ' Rouse then, and let those names your breasts inspire
 ' With manly ardour and with loyal fire.

' Let

them in the field, slew their King, and drove the whole nobility and gentry out of the nation : But at last, by the valour and conduct of Fergus II. the Scots were restor'd, and afterwards engaging the Picts under the leading of M'Alpin, *alias* Kenneth More, they overthrew them, and pursued their victory to the extirpation of their name.

† *Kenneths, Malcolms, &c.* Kenneth III. and Malcolm II. famous for those dreadful overthrows they gave the Danes.

† *Hays and Keiths, &c.* A short account will be given of them in their proper places.

‘ Let your great fathers all your souls possess,
‘ And dauntless arms your country’s wrongs redress,
‘ See ! where the haughty South, in bright array,
‘ From yonder shining plains reflects the day.
‘ Behold Plantagenet, with awful pride,
‘ In burnish’d gold amidst his squadrons ride !
‘ Come, gallant friends, attack the perjur’d host,
‘ And drive th’ insulting legions from our coast.”
He said: The chiefs, obedient, hail the man,
And thro’ the host consenting murmurs ran.

By this the south’ron trumpets from afar,
In shriller notes proclaim th’ advancing war.
The daring Scots return the martial sound,
And from the hills the loud alarms rebound.
Approaching now th’ embattl’d squadrons stand,
And in stern order glitter on the strand.
The thick’ning war, around, obscures the fields,
With groves of lances arm’d, and bossy shields.

As when some dusky cloud o’ershades the main,
The breeze but whisp’ring o’er the liquid plain,
Scarce heave the surges, ocean seems to sleep,
And a still horror settles on the deep.
Thus silent, the thick legions form around,
The dread battalions blacken all the ground.

But here, alas ! How shall a Scottish muse
Thy fatal crime, O Cumbernald, excuse* ?

Fain

* *Thy fatal crime, O Cumbernald, &c.* Cumming, Earl of Cumbernald, had join’d the army at Falkirk

Fain would the muse th' ungrateful theme decline,
 Or wipe the tarnish from the tainted line.
 Fain wou'd in silence pass th' ill omen'd scene,
 The chiefs embroil'd, and the deserted plain.
 What direful woe from wild ambition springs?
 The wreck of empires, and the bane of Kings.
 Discord, with hideous grin and livid eyes,
 Swift, thro' the host, on sooty pinions flies.
 Discord, ambition's direful brood! beheld
 Ten thousand treach'rous Scots forsake the field:
 Traitors! whose names no annals since have own'd,
 Wrapt in disgraceful night, in dark oblivion drown'd.
 Urg'd by his wrongs, and with resentment fir'd,
 Th' ELLERSLIAN hero from the plain retir'd.
 Ten thousand Scots with tears their chief attend,
 The sun himself ne'er saw a braver band.

So great Achilles, on the Phrygian strand,
 Injur'd by Atreus' son's unjust command,

B Full

with ten thousand men. But having himself an eye
 to the crown, and either suspecting or disdaining the
 success of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, a private gen-
 tleman, much inferior to him in rank, but then guardi-
 an of Scotland, caus'd Stewart Lord Bute fall out
 with him about leading the van of the Scots army;
 alledging that post was due to his family. WALLACE
 insisted on the privilege of his office, and they parted
 from one another in high chaff. WALLACE drew
 off his men, and Cumming having wrought his design,
 treacherously retir'd also, and abandon'd Lord Stew-
 art to the fury of the whole English army.

Full of his wrongs, deserts his country's cause,
And all his Myrmidons from Troy withdraws.
Left in the field the noble Stewart alone,
Before his few, but faithful, squadrons shone.

And now great Hertford thunders on the plain
And twice ten thousand glitter in his train.
The hardy Stewart abandon'd to his foes,
Dauntless, to meet that dreadful battle, goes.
Twelve hundred Scots (no more had fate allow'd
To guard their Lord), around the standard crowd.

The war begins, the blended clamours rise,
And shouts and groans, promiscuous, rend the skies.
The glorious Bute, undaunted scours the field,
His doughty hands a mighty faulchion wield.
O'er south'ron necks he hews his horrid way,
While, roll'd in heaps, expiring squadrons lay.
Hertford beholds his fainting legions yield,
And Edward's glory fading in the field;
Amaz'd, he views the chief's unbounded might,
Despairs success, and meditates his flight.
The Scots, by their great leader's pattern taught,
Advancing, with redoubled fury fought.
Back to the camp Lord Hertford wings his way,
While on the plain ten thousand victims lay.

Immortal Stewart! O were my bosom fir'd
With ardour like to that thy soul inspir'd,
The muse shou'd raise a trophy to thy fame,
Great as thy worth, and deathless as thy name.

But

But see ! Where BRUCE, array'd in martial pride,
And crafty Beik before their squadrons ride.
Towards the Scots they shape their dreadful way,
And forty thousand helms reflect the day.
Waving in air the gilded lion flies,
And the loud trumpets eccho thro' the skies.

Tir'd with late toils, the noble Bute beheld
The swarming legions crowd the bloody field ;
Anxious and doubtful view'd their mighty pow'r,
And the firm ranks extended on the shore.
Amaz'd at first, his spirits backward rowl,
And by degrees forsake his gen'rous soul.
He casts his eyes around, but sees no aid,
Wallace is injur'd, and the traitor fled.
O deadly gust of passion ! direful heat !
Dang'rous to all, but fatal to the great !
In grov'ling minds but low resentment dwells,
And their gross blood scarce o'er its chanel swells ;
Spirits high-born, like meteors in the sky,
Ferment in storms, and round in ruin fly.
Relentless ELLERSLY ! ah, canst thou stand,
And see the hero butcher'd on the strand ?
The hero ! whom so recent laurels crown,
By numbers and superior force undone !
O send the god-like Graham (and save thy vow),
Or send the faithful Boyd to his rescue ;
Or let the gen'rous Seton's tears prevail
To share the day, and turn the fatal scale.

Behold the chiefs all suppliant beg around,
Their tears in torrents trickling to the ground.
In vain. Unmov'd the injur'd leader stands,
Weeps loud, and yet denies their just demands.

With eager haste approach the Saxon lines,
And in the front the * rev'rend warrior shines.
The noble Bute beheld the num'rous bands,
Whilst recollected in himself he stands;
Then rous'd his little host with fresh alarms,
And the shrill trumpet sounds again to arms,
Secure of glory, and a deathless name,
Lavish of life, he rushes into fame.

The signal giv'n, inflam'd with mutual rage,
Th' unequal squadrons furiously engage.
Thro' burnisht steel fast bursts the streaming gore,
And rolls a purple current on the shore.
The cautious Beik each various scene beheld,
Long us'd in war, and harden'd to the field;
Extends his ranks, and summons fresh supplies,
And to surround the Scottish hero tries.
The glorious Bute perceiv'd his fly designs,
And with stern rage attack'd the moving lines.

His

* *The reverend warrior shines.* Anthony Beik Bishop of Durham, a great enemy to the Scots, more famous for his skill in the arts of war than in the gospel of peace, as a certain author remarks. This prelate headed 10,000 men at the battle of Falkirk, raised by his own influence and authority.

His manly arm dealt fell destruction round,
And Saxon crowds lay gasping on the ground.
Their leader's pattern the bold Scots inspires,
And from their rage the rev'rend chief retires.

But now brave Stewart beholds a shining train
In thick battalia marshall'd on the plain,
To succour Beik, full thirty thousand spears,
And at their head the mighty Bruce appears.
Display'd, against his own, the lion's glare,
And martial trumpets animate the war.
Deluded prince ! soon shall thy soul bemoan
Those cruel deeds on Forth's fair borders done.
The gen'rous Bute weeps at the barb'rous fight,
When awful Bruce address him to the fight ;
On his thin ranks a furious charge he made,
And roll'd in heaps on heaps the mangled dead.
Now Stewart beholds his little faithful band
Drench'd in their gore, and gasping on the strand ;
With grief recounts their wonders on the plain,
Full twenty thousand by twelve hundred slain.
Great in distress ! impatient of the light,
Resolv'd to die, he rushes to the fight.
Fraught with despair, he dealt his blows around,
And south'ron blood fast stains the crimson ground.
But spent with former toils, o'ermatch'd with pow'r,
At last the hero sinks upon the shore.

Stretch'd on the strand the godlike patriot lies,
And shades eternal settle round his eyes,

How happy he ! who falls amidst his foes,
A sacred victim to his country's cause !
What tears, what vows attend his parting breath !
In life how lov'd ! and how ador'd in death !
Eternal monuments secure his fame,
And lasting glory dwells upon his name !

Sol's fiery steeds, down from the noon-day height,
Thro' western climes precipitate their flight.
Expanded skies the flaming chariot bore,
And rays declining gild th' Hesperian shore.

Th' ELLERSLAIN chief in burnisht armour stands,
And, beck'ning, round him calls his daring bands.
Sullen and sad approach the warrior-train,
And, touch'd with woe, regard the fatal plain.

When thus the chief: " You see our friends are lost,
' By treason murder'd on that bloody coast.
' The awful Bruce yon mighty battle leads,
' And crafty Beik his select squadrons heads.
' See where their haughty king, in dread array,
' Moves from the camp, and hastes to share the day.
' Then say, What shall be done ? the question's nice,
' And fate allows us but a dang'rous choice.
' If for supplies we shou'd to Lothian go,
' Then furiously pursues the num'rous foe.

' Or

‘ Or if to the Torwood our rout we bend,
 ‘ Thro’ Bruce’s host we must that shelter find.
 ‘ Say then.” The chiefs assented to his will,
 What he commanded eager to fulfil.

The hero then, all dreadful as a God,
 To meet the Bruce, before his squadrons rode.
 Ten thousand spears advancing in his train,
 An iron forest ! glitter’d o’er the plain.
 By this bold Bruce had rang’d his warlike lines,
 And at their head in bloody armour shines.
 But O my muse, what God shall lead the way ?
 What inspiration guide thee thro’ the day ?
 To sing the chiefs, that never knew to yield,
 Engag’d in furious combat on the field ?
 Phœbus ! assist, and all the Thespian throng,
 Conjoin your voices, and exalt the song.

Both armies now approaching to the fight,
 In blazing terrors shone confus’dly bright.
 The sprightly trumpet’s martial clangors rise,
 And roll in rattling ecchoes thro’ the skies.
 Glory and fame each hero’s soul possess,
 And death or triumph breath’d in ev’ry breast.

The war now mingling, fiery courfers bound,
 And rushing squadrons shake the trembling ground.
 Thro’ polish’d steel fast streams the reeking gore,
 And crimson torrents drench the purple shore.

There

There warlike Bruce exerts his awful might,
Here Wallace thunders thro' the bloody fight.
Behold great Graham force his resistless way,
Thro' all the ruins of the dreadful day.
Here Seton, Hay, and Lauder scour the plain,
There Boyd and Keith a distant fight maintain.
Yonder brave Kennedy in battle stands,
And great Montgom'ry joins his faithful bands.
The hardy Frazers for the charge prepare,
And dauntless Lundie rushes to the war.
See gallant Oliphant to battle ride,
Dundas and Scrimzeour glitt'ring at his side.
Yonder the haughty Turnbull takes the field,
And savage spoils glare in his orby shield.
Johnston and Rutherford, and Blair and Gray,
And Guthrie, Scot, and Lindsay share the day.
Newbigging, Tinto, Little, grace the field,
And Holiday who well could weapons wield.
Bold Holiday! in war a noble man,
Hastes to his * eme, and combats in the van.
Thro' hostile ranks they scatter fate around,
And twice four thousand gasp along the ground.
Quite thro' the south'ron host, o'er Carron's flood,
To Torwood shades the Scots in safety rode.
Wallace alone, and Graham and Lauder stay,
Unfated with the slaughter of the day;

Greedy

* *Eme*, An old Scots word for *Uncle*.

Greedy of fame, their fiery courfers rein,
 And drive, impetuous, back unto the plain.
 Three hundred men to guard the chiefs prepare,
 Inur'd to blood, and harden'd to the war.
 Where Saxon ranks in thickest order stood,
 With awful force these dauntless warriors rode.
 Ere Bruce cou'd well the Scottish band perceive,
 His legions rally, or just orders give,
 With wounds transfix'd, all weltring in their gore,
 Three hundred Saxons strow'd the bloody shore.
 But now bold Bruce his strong battalions heads,
 And thirty thousand to the onset leads.
 * Cozen'd by fraud, and jealous of his right,
 Wing'd with revenge, he rushes to the fight.
 Three worthy Scots, pierc'd by his mighty hand,
 Roll in their blood, and bite the purple strand.
 Th' ELLERSLAIN chief with sorrow sees them bleed,
 And, swell'd with rage, he reins the fiery steed;
 Against the Bruce directs his awful force,
 The Bruce, all dreadless, meets the hero's course.
 Charg'd in his left a mighty lance he wore,
 And Wallace' hand a glitt'ring faulchion bore.

Together

* *Cozen'd by fraud, &c.* The elder Bruce, who was competitor with Baliol for the crown of Scotland, was impos'd on by the King of England, and made to believe that Wallace design'd to usurp the sovereignty, which occasioned his fighting here at Falkirk with his friends and vassals against the Scots.

Together fast the dauntless warriors ride,
And thro' bright steel soon bursts the blushing tide.
From Wallace' thigh transfix'd fast flows the gore,
And Bruce's courser tumbles on the shore.

The valiant bands soon mount the Bruce again,
When Graham and Lauder thunder'd on the plain.
Thro' fouth'ron ranks these heroes urg'd their way,
And bore alone the fury of the day :

Whilst Wallace stood and stemm'd his bleeding wound,
In heaps the foe lay scatter'd on the ground.

His blood now stanch'd, the chief returns anew,
The hardy Graham and Lauder to rescue.

To their relief he rode in all his might,
'Till cautious Beik advanced to the fight :

By numbers overpow'r'd the Scots retire,
Nor cou'd great Graham restrain his martial fire ;

A burnish'd sword in his strong hand he bore,
And forward rushing thro' the shock of war,
Before the Bruce he struck an English knight,
Where his gay glitt'ring crest stood polish'd bright;
With unresisted force, thro' helm and head,
Down to the collar glanc'd the shining blade.

The knight falls, prostrate, on the gorey ground,
And blood and soul rush mingl'd thro' the wound.

A subtile knight, who saw the deadly blow,
Fir'd with resentment, meditates the foe.

As Graham return'd, the crafty warrior spy'd,
Beneath his armour, a defenceless void.

In at his back, full aim'd with cautious care,
Quite thro' his bowels glides the treach'rous spear.
The hero turn'd and smote the cruel foe,
Just where the casque the vizor joins below ;
Thro' steel and brain fast rush'd the forceful brand ;
The noble Graham swoons on the bloody strand :
This latest proof of loyal valour shows,
And greatly falls amidst his country's foes.

When ELLERSLY the glorious chief beheld
Bath'd in his blood, and stretch'd upon the field ;
What sudden pangs his throbbing soul possess !
What rage and grief, tumultuous, tore his breast !
He weeps, he raves, abandon'd to despair,
Then, wing'd with fury, rushes to the war.
Enrag'd, he rides amidst the thickest foe,
And certain death descends in ev'ry blow.
Bereft of reason, careless of his life,
Delp'rate, he urges the unequal strife ;
The bloody torrents thicken as they flow,
And heaps of slaughter the red level strow.
But now two strong battalions shape their way,
Their beamy lances glitt'ring in the day.
Led by bold Bruce, the hero's steed they gore,
Fast bleeds the courser on the crimson shore.
Their spears in pieces hew'd the martial knight,
'Then from the plain precipitates his flight.
O'er Carron's flood the wounded steed him bore,
Then fell down dead upon the farther shore.

Phæbus

Phœbus in western waves had drench'd his team,
And the brown twilight shed a dusky gleam.
To Torwood-shades the Scottish troops repair;
Wallace and Ker alone with equal care,
Silent on Carron's flow'ry borders stray'd,
Revolv'd the day, and mourn'd the valliant dead.
The south'rons too retire, and Bruce and Ray
Along the nearer bank pursu'd their way:
When, thro' the gloom, upon the distant side,
The hardy Bruce the Scottish chief espy'd,
Where jutting rocks a straiter passage frame,
Lessen the chanel, and contract the stream.
There Wallace heard the leader call aloud,
And, stopping, press'd the margin of the flood.
When thus the Bruce; "I know thou art the knight,
' This day that, dreadful, led the Scots in fight.
' Amaz'd, I saw thee in dire combat stand,
' And, curious, mark'd the wonders of thy hand.
' To real worth a just applause we owe,
' Nor is it mine to stain a gen'rous foe:
' But say, what wild ambition fires thy soul?
' What rage and madness in thy bosom roll?
' Does the thin air of popular applause
' Engage thee, desp'rate, in a sinking cause?
' Or does the lust of sway thus urge thee on
' To empty titles, and a fancy'd throne?
' To wade thro' seas of thy dear country's blood,
' Born on the breath of a tumultuous crowd?

' Dar'st

' Dar'ft thou presume to match the English force,
 ' Or stop the mighty Edward's boundless course?
 ' Vain man! dismiss that thirst of lawless sway,
 ' And due obedience to the victor pay:
 ' Preserve thy country from impending woe,
 ' And yield, submissive, to the conqu'ring foe."

Thus Huntington. When from the other side,
 The Scottish chief in honest terms reply'd.

" I own the charge. Ambition fires my soul,
 ' And rage and madness in my bosom roll.
 ' Ambition! to preserve a sinking state,
 ' Basely abandon'd by the faithless great;
 ' To save my country from th' accursed crew
 ' Of barb'rous foes, and yet more barb'rous you!
 ' I claim no right, nor shall my pow'r employ
 ' To mount to titles, or to lawless sway;
 ' My soul hath still abhor'd the gaudy dream
 ' Of fancy'd rule, or an usurper's name;
 ' To save my country, if allow'd by fate,
 ' All other ways disdaining to be great.
 ' Our actions are our glory or our shame,
 ' Not borrow'd titles, or an airy name.
 ' The peasant to renown may nobly rise,
 ' Whilst the proud tyrant undistinguish'd lies.
 ' Know then, I'll die, or set my country free,
 ' In spite of Edward, and in spite of thee:
 ' Thee! who, by right, shouldst Albion's scepter wield,
 ' Yet tear'st her bowels in the bloody field.

C

' Who,

‘ Who, impious, return’st from yonder shore,
‘ Still warm, and reeking with thy country’s gore.
‘ Before to-morrow’s sun begins his course,
‘ Once more I’ll dare to meet the south’ron force.
‘ For that dear land, where first I drew my breath,
‘ I’ll seek the tyrant in the fields of death;
‘ Begirt with guards, and wall’d with legions round,
‘ I’ll drive him, perjur’d, from our native ground.
‘ Farewel, deluded man! thy right forego,
‘ And bow, a monarch, to a treach’rous foe.
‘ Be a secure, inglorious slavery thine,
‘ But death or liberty shall still be mine.”

Thus spoke the chief. His latest accents roll
Thro’ BRUCE’S heart, and settle in his soul:
He finds himself by Edward’s fraud misled,
And long by south’ron artifice betray’d;
Perceives the Scottish leader’s loyal care,
His honest toils, and unambitious war.

Then thus. “ You see, my friend, the doubtful light,
‘ Leads on the sable chariot of the night;
‘ Near Dunipace, where stands a sacred fane,
‘ By nine next morning, let us meet again.”
“ No--long ere Phœbus runs that length of course,
‘ Reply’d the chief, we’ll meet the tyrant’s force;
‘ In spite of all the pow’r he has to sway,
‘ Fate shall, before that time, decide the day.
‘ He either shall his impious claim give o’er,
‘ And shamefully repeat his native shore;

‘ Or

' Or one of us shall fall in bloody fight,
 ' Impartial heaven will judge our cause aright.
 ' But if you please th' appointment to assign
 ' At three, I'll meet you near the ancient shrine."

The BRUCE consented, and to Lithgow pass,
 To Torwood-shades good Ker and WALLACE haste.
 Refresh'd with food, the host for rest prepare,
 And in short slumbers hush the din of war.

Bright phosphor soon the vaulted azure gilds,
 And stars, retiring, quit the airy fields.
 The Scottish chief abandons his repose,
 And arms of proof his manly limbs inclose.
 With clasps around the temper'd mail he tries,
 And graven cuisses glitter on his thighs.
 Upon his head a shining casque he wore,
 A staff of steel in his strong hand he bore.
 A beamy faulchion grac'd his manly side,
 Boldly he seem'd in battle to abide.
 His armour-bearer, Jop, went on before,
 And the great warrior's massy buckler bore.
 Thus forth the hero marching, views the lines,
 And to each chief his proper post assigns.
 Ramsay, and Lundy, and the hardy thane
 Of Lennox, led five thousand to the plain.
 Five thousand more himself and Lauder guide,
 And Rickarton and Seton close their side.
 To the late field they march in deep array,
 And view the ruins of the former day.

There, what a horrid scene the sight confounds ?
 What heaps of carnage strow th' adjacent grounds,
 And life, scarce cold, yet bubbling thro' the wounds !
 Along the strand the floating streams of blood
 Roll on in tides, and chock the neighb'ring flood.
 Here lay brave Stewart, and Rossia's gallant thane,
 With honest wounds transfix'd upon the plain.
 There lay great Graham extended on the shore,
 Lifeless, and pale, and stain'd with clotted gore.
 Him WALLACE saw, and throbbing at the sight,
 Alights, and rushes to the lovely knight.
 Up in his arms he rais'd his drooping head,
 And thus, with tears, address the gallant dead.

“ Farewel, my best lov'd friend ! A long adieu
 ‘ To all th’ illusive joys of life and you.
 ‘ Farewel, O grateful victim to our foes !
 ‘ Thou sacred martyr for thy country's cause !
 ‘ For her thou fought'st in dreadful fields death,
 ‘ For her thus greatly thou resign'st thy breath.
 ‘ That warlike arm shall I behold no more,
 ‘ The faulchion brandish on the bloody shore.
 ‘ No more those eyes shall fierce in battle glow,
 ‘ Thy friends delight and terror of the foe !
 ‘ How is the mighty fall'n upon the plain ?
 ‘ The chief, the hero, by a coward slain !
 ‘ Nor shall his soul the treach'rous triumph boast ;
 ‘ Sad and confounded on the Stygian coast,
 ‘ Thy

‘ Thy noble hand soon sent the dastard foe,
‘ Mangl’d, and damn’d down to the shades below.
‘ Ah! gallant man, what worth adorn’d thy mind!
‘ How brave an en’my, how sincere a friend!
‘ Sincere to me, since first our love began,
‘ Thy David I, and thou my Jonathan.
‘ Thou wast the hope, the glory of my life,
‘ My better genius in the doubtful strife.
‘ Warm’d by thy presence, how did I disdain
‘ The toils and dangers of th’ unequal plain?
‘ How did my soul with rising ardour glow,
‘ Lessen the hazard, and contract the foe?
‘ O’erlook the adverse host, when I beheld
‘ My brave companion thunder in the field?
‘ Old Albion shall in tears of blood bemoan
‘ The gallant patriot, and the duteous son.
‘ In thee her freedom and her honour dead,
‘ Her hopes all blasted, and her succour fled.
‘ Farewel, blest shade! may thine unspotted soul,
‘ Now rais’d on high to thy congenial pole,
‘ In flames of heav’nly raptures ever glow,
‘ And smile, propitious, on our toils below.”
He said. The host accompany their chief,
Burst into tears, and give a loose to grief.
So once, of old, on the Molossian coast,
Bold Theseus mourn’d his dear Pirithous lost.

Now wash'd from blood, upon their shields they bore

The lifeless hero from the fatal shore.

With solemn pomp the mournful chiefs proceed,
And in the ancient fane inhume the dead.

To all the chieftains slain due rites they pay,
Then to th' appointment WALLACE bends his way.

The loss of Graham, and that unhappy field,
Inflam'd his soul when he the BRUCE beheld.

Approaching quick, the ireful chief began,
And in stern language thus address'd the man.

“ Dost thou repent thy base unnatural war ?

“ Or thirsts thy soul yet still for native gore ?

“ * Rew'st thou the actions of thy barb'rous hand,

“ The cruel havock on yon bloody strand ?

“ See those brave patriots, who, too loyal, came

“ To save their country, and maintain thy claim ;

“ T' oppose a haughty tyrant's lawless might,

“ And 'gainst thyself t' assert thy native right :

“ See where they lye distain'd with purple gore,

“ By their own prince all murder'd on the shore.

“ Behold the gallant Stewart, and Rossia's thane,

“ And God-like Graham, late stretch'd upon the plain.

“ Heroes ! whose blood not armies can atone ;

“ By fraud, and tyranny, and thee undone.

“ Unhappy man ! ”—More wou'd the chief have said
When drown'd in tears, the noble BRUCE reply'd.

“ Yes,

* This is an ancient Scots word for *Repent*.

" Yes, gen'rous friend ! I saw the heroes stand
 ' Like gods in battle on yon bloody strand.
 ' Eager of fame, unknowing how to yield,
 ' How did they court the dangers of the field !
 ' O'ermatch'd with numbers, prodigal of life,
 ' How did they struggle in th' unequal strife !
 ' For their dear country, mix'd in dire debate,
 ' They strove with heaven, and disputed fate.
 ' 'Twas I, deluded wretch ! who led that pow'r
 ' Against my friends to this unhappy shore.
 ' 'Twas I, ill-fated I ! whose guilty hand
 ' Dy'd with my native blood yon crimson strand,
 ' Poor, hapless man ! by fair pretences led
 ' To ruin, and by kingly fraud betray'd."

WALLACE with joy hears what the Bruce had said,
 And on his knee a low obeisance made.
 The south'ron pow'r he beg'd him to disown,
 And reign, a monarch, on his native throne ;
 Against that crafty prince assert his claim,
 Revenge his wrongs, and vindicate his name.
 Alas ! nor yet I dare, the Bruce reply'd,
 Forfake that king, or quit the south'ron side ;
 My son a hostage for my fealty lies,
 Which if the fire should violate — he dies.
 But here I vow, ne'er shall this guilty hand
 A sword imploy against my native land ;
 No more against my friends a weapon bear ;
 But soon as I escape the treach'rous snare,

To

To thee I'll come, and on thy faith rely,
T' assert my title, and secure my sway.
This said, in arms he rais'd the gallant man,
And tides of joy thro' WALLACE' bosom ran.
Betwixt them mutual kind endearments past,
Then, parting, each revisited his host.
Waiting their chief on the late field of blood,
In order rang'd, the Grampian squadrons stood.
Arriv'd, the hero mounts, and leads the way,
And the firm lines move on in close array.
By Inneravin Lennox guides his band,
And hardy Crawford shares the Earl's command.
Thus ordered thro' the lower way to ride
Obscure, by southron watches unespied.
WALLACE himself conducts a chosen band,
On the south-side, thro' Maxwell's rocky land.
To Lithgow straight, where mighty Edward lay,
Silent the hardy Lennox speeds his way;
Sudden, amidst the tents, in armour shines,
And hasty slaughter rages thro' the lines.
Spent with the labours of the former day,
Dissolv'd in sleep th' ill-guarded south'ron lay.
When thro' the camp the clashing arms resound,
And hostile cries their drowsy souls confound.
Edward, amaz'd, beholds the sudden war,
And bids his legions for the fight prepare.
Enrag'd, his courser mounts, and scours along,
And rouses, with reproach, the sluggard throng.

Bold

Bold Hertford hastes, to York his forces joins,
 When WALLACE ent'ring, thunders thro' the lines;
 On south'ron ranks exerts his well-known might,
 And drives, conspicuous, thro' the bloody fight.
 Some naked, some half arm'd, a senseless throng!
 Part stupid gaz'd, part run confus'd along.
 Whilst the bold Scots distribute death around,
 Steeds, tents, and squadrons mingling on the ground.
 The awful king stern in the battle shines,
 And with his presence animates the lines.
 To arms the hardy BRUCE he calls aloud,
 And twenty thousand round that hero crowd.
 Resolv'd no more his subjects to offend,
 The Bruce advances on his mock-command.
 Great, as he went, before his squadrons rode,
 Awful in steel, and dreadful as a god.
 The usual fierceness kindles in his eyes,
 And o'er his face dissembled terrors rise.
 His beamy faulchion brandishing in air,
 He seems to charge, and counterfeits the war.
 His threatening blows, if blows at all descend,
 Fall innocent, as from a father's hand.

WALLACE meantime, and Lennox, in their course,
 Meet in the center, and conjoin their force.
 The warlike bands exert their utmost might,
 And, unresisted, thunder thro' the fight.
 Fir'd with resentment of the former plain,
 Their country spoil'd, their brave companions slain:
 Forward,

Forward, united in their fury go,
 And pour swift vengeance on the guilty foe.
 Graham, and the chieftains lost inspire each deed,
 And to their ghosts ten thousand victims bleed.
 Abas'd, the south'ron host for flight prepare,
 And from the field fast speeds the vulgar war.
 Only the king, now long renown'd in fame,
 Combats for glory, and asserts his name.
 And other chiefs, in martial honours great,
 Before their monarch nobly meet their fate.
 Against that king to prove his awful might,
 The Scottish chief rode furious thro' the fight;
 Thro' all the force of the opposing foe,
 Full at his vizor aim'd a deadly blow;
 He miss'd the king; the standard-bearer's head
 Asunder cleft the unresisted blade.
 The royal standard, shameful! press'd the plain,
 Then fled, dismay'd, at once the south'ron train.
 The hardy Scots their warlike steeds prepare,
 And, mounting, swift pursue the flying war;
 From * Glotta's banks, to † Nithia's steepy coast,
 With blood and slaughter drove the scatter'd host.
 Pierc'd with dishonest wounds three thousand lye,
 And Crawford-moor with mingled carnage dye.
 With tears great Edward views the dismal scene,
 His bravest troops without ‡ resentment slain.

With

* Glotta, Clyde river. † Nitbia, Nithsdale.
 ‡ Resentment, for Revenge.

With rage and grief at once his soul oppress,
He turn'd, and thus the valiant BRUCE address.

" Ah, Huntington! thou seest yon murd'ring crowd,
' With slaughter tir'd, yet still athirst for blood;
' Our friends all butcher'd, and yon bloody heath
' One heap of carnage, and a waste of death.
' Woud'st thou but turn, and stop their barb'rous
 might,

' By all the pow'rs! I shall confirm thy right."

He said. The BRUCE in modest terms reply'd,

" Annul my bond, make my engagements void;

' Then shall I turn, attack the Scottish pow'r,

' And drive their legions back to Carron's shore."

The royal statesman, vers'd in kingly art,

At once perceives his alienated heart;

Hence guards his motions, watches his designs,

And as a prisoner at large confines.

But now the warlike Scots approaching near,

Fall in with shouts, and thunder on the rear.

With heavy heart the mighty Edward fled,

Mourn'd his lost honour, and his legions dead;

O'er Solway's stream, home to his native shore,

He leads the reliques of his vanquish'd pow'r.

Full fifty thousand in that journey lost,

With mingled corpses strow'd the Scottish coast.

Thus far the muse, in just example, sings
Of traitors, loyal chiefs, usurping kings;

Their

Their deeds transmitting down to future times,
In faithful records, and unbiass'd rhimes.
Of virtuous names she marks the glorious fate,
And brands with infamy the factious great.
Faction! thou dire, thou legionary fiend,
How dark thy views, how dismal is thy end?
What num'rous woes in thy black bosom dwell?
On pride first founded, and inspir'd by hell!
By thee the Gods were mix'd in dire debate,
And daring faction shook th' immortal state!
In bands combin'd, assail'd the sacred throne,
'Till in his might arose th' eternal son!
Full in his father's strength attacks the foe,
And hurls them, flaming, to th' abyss below;
Far from th' effulgence of superior light,
'Midst liquid fire to roul, and shades of deepest night!
Mankind, immortal, innocent, first fell
By thee, thou darling principle of hell!
Since, uncontroul'd, thou spread'st thy boundless
reign,
Inspir'st th' ambitious, and delud'st the vain.

This WALLACE found. Not all his gen'rous toils,
His glorious conquests, and triumphant spoils;
Not all his brave attempts to free the state,
Cou'd skreen the patriot from the jealous great.
Beset by malice, and by fraud oppress,
(Yet green with laurels, and with triumphs grac'd!)

The

The godlike leader to Edina came,
 Renounc'd his pow'r, disclaim'd a guardian's name;
 'Midst tears of loyal states resign'd his trust,
 A willing exile from his native coast.
 His causeless wrongs deep in his bosom sat,
 And deeper still the ruin of the state.
 Yet, forc'd by faction, he forsakes the land,
 His friends attend him to the briny strand;
 In a lone bark they launch into the main,
 The bounding vessel plows the wat'ry plain;
 Aloft, inspiring gales, propitious blow,
 Obsequious rolling roars the tide below;
 Till safe from dangers of the liquid reign,
 The warlike crew the Rochel harbour gain.

Farewel, thou gen'rovs man! a long adieu
 To wretched Albion's safety, and to you.
 Who shall in arms dare to support her right?
 What hardy chief shall lead her sons to fight?
 Her once brave sons! now terrified and aw'd,
 At home by faction, and by pow'r abroad,
 To woods and wilds and lonely desarts go,
 Forake her cause, nor dare to meet the foe.
 The foe again swarms on her crowded strand,
 And fresh destruction sweeps her wasted land!
 Farewel, brave injur'd man! thou boast of fame!
 At once thy country's glory, and her shame!

Nor shall the muse thy farther acts explore,
On Scotia's plains, or on the Gallic shore.
The weary muse here rests her drooping wing,
And, conscious of thy fate, forbears to sing.
Some other genius shall the task attend,
And paint the villain in the perjur'd friend.
Nor shall the Bruce's fate her notes inspire,
Or tune to elegy the mournful lyre.
Secret, she weeps the luckless father dead,
The scene o'erveiling with a silent shade.
Now fits the harp to a sublimer strain,
The godlike son! and his immortal reign.

BOOK

 B O O K II.

THE south'ron trumpets sound the dread alarm,
 The war rekindles, and the legions arm.
 The younger Bruce is call'd from Gallia's shore,
 For now the hapless father was no more.
 In warlike pomp array'd, the crowded host
 Moves, fable, onward to the Scottish coast.
 As cranes, embody'd, shade th' ætherial plains,
 Stretch'd on the wing, to shun impending rains;
 The airy host on sounding pinions flies,
 (A living cloud) along the darken'd skies ;
 So, wrapt in dust, the south'rons shape their way,
 Obscure the sun, and intercept the day.
 Great in the van the mighty monarch shone,
 And by his side in armour blaz'd the son.
 Next, mournful BRUCE, before th' embattl'd crowd,
 Full of his fire, in silent grandeur rode.
 Thick swarm the hostile bands on Scotia's shore,
 And sword and fire her poor remains devour.
 To hills and dales her trembling sons retreat,
 Their homes abandon, to avoid their fate.
 Mothers and infants share the common woe,
 And, feebly flying, fall before the foe.

From Solway's stream, to Caithness stormy strand,
One dismal waste of ruin sweeps the land.

As when some torrent swell'd with wint'ry rains,
Rolls from the mountains, and o'erspreads the plains;
The swains and flocks o'erwhelm'd confus'dly roar,
And woods and harvests float along the shore.

Now fraught with spoils from far * Pomona's coast,
To Perth returns the † Trinobantian host.
From thence to Scoon the victor takes his way,
The sacred seat of Scotia's antient sway ;
Where twice ten centuries her Monarchs sat,
On fated marble, venerably great.

Imperial Scoon ! how is thy pomp defac'd ;
Thy archives rifl'd, and thy glories raz'd !
Thy sacred monuments (the prize of war),
And spoils of ages, grace th' usurper's car ;
The deeds and records of great Fergus' line,
The fatal stone torn from its hallowed shrine ;
The learned, and their works, in triumph born,
Augusta's cells and libraries adorn :
This Cumming saw, and, spite of jealous hate,
Mourns the wide ruin of the wasted state :
Touch'd with the woeful scene, the BRUCE address'd,
And thus, with tears, unfolds his lab'ring breast.

“ Ah

* *Pomona*, The largest of the Orkney islands.

† *Trinobantian host*. Trinobantes were the people of Middlesex, &c. taken here for the English in general.

“ Ah Huntington ! how long shall rival hate
 ‘ Divide our int’rests, and improve our fate ?
 ‘ Thou seest our country, by her foes oppress’d,
 ‘ One heap of ruin, one abandon’d waste !
 ‘ Her laws and rights and liberties forlorn,
 ‘ By foreign force, but more by faction torn.
 ‘ Since you and I an equal right pretend,
 ‘ Let both our claims in mutual friendship end ;
 ‘ Shou’d you to me convey your right, then I
 ‘ To you make o’er my lands and property.
 ‘ Or, if to you my title I resign,
 ‘ Then your paternal heritage be mine.”

The BRUCE accepts the last ; and thus agreed,
 They sign, and seal, and interchange the deed.
 Meantime his rout again great Edward bends
 Back to Augusta, and the BRUCE attends.
 Wrapt in his hopes, impatient for the day
 T’ assert his right, and vindicate his sway.

But now, fell Ate*, scource of human woes,
 Dismal from depths of Tartarus arose.
 Fir’d at th’ agreement, the black fury fled,
 And, direful, hovers round the Cumming’s head.
 In visionary scenes he hears her howl,
 And feels th’ ambitious venom in his soul.

D 3

The

* *Ate*, signifies guilt. She was the Goddess of
 Revenge, Discord, Ambition, passions so destructive
 to human kind. Any reader will easily see the pro-
 sopopœia, and likewise understand the machinery.

The footy spectre shed a noxious steam,
And her red eye-balls flash'd a hellish gleam,
Full of the dæmon, starting from his bed,
Disclaims his oath, and the agreement made ;
To Edward sends the writing seal'd and sign'd,
And shows, malicious, what the BRUCE design'd :
Edward in council reads the hated scroll,
And sudden vengeance kindles in his soul ;
Staightway the noble BRUCE is doom'd to bleed,
But fate forbad, and heav'n oppos'd the deed.
Bright Ariel, anxious for his sacred care,
Shoots downward in a veil of thicken'd air ;
Mix'd with th' assembly unperceiv'd he sat,
Directs their thoughts, and guides the Brussian fate ;
In secret whispers heav'n's behests conveys,
Breathes in each heart, and all the council sways.
The sacred motion touch'd fly Pembroke's breast,
The peer arose, and thus the King address'd.
"Sov'reign ! — Not Huntington alone must bleed,
' His kindred also must atone the deed.
' Till these are seiz'd, the punishment decline,
' Then wreck your wrath on all the Brussian line.
' His brethren, allies, and his friends must fall,
' And one dire ruin overwhelm them all.
' 'Tis thus you are secure." The peers assent,
And Edward, fullen, owns the sentiment ;
Nor knows the fix'd eternal voice of fate
Had doom'd him safe, and spoke the hero great ;

For him immortal honours had decreed,
 And endless glories shed around his head :
 Bid him thro' danger struggle to renown,
 And rise the theme of ages not his own.

'Twas night ; and now the great assembly rose,
 Each peer retiring to his late repose,
 Not so bright Ariel his dear charge dismiss,
 But, watchful, hovers o'er Montgom'ry's breast;
 With tenderness to BRUCE his heart he fires,
 And to prevent his doom, his thoughts inspires :
 Bids the soft motion in his bosom roll,
 And breathes the friend, in whispers, to his soul.
 Full of the visions of the night, by fear
 And love awak'd, up rose the friendly peer.
 A faithful servant soon his Lord attends,
 Whom fraught with presents to the BRUCE he sends.
 No charge in words the trusty menial bore,
 But in his hand a purse of shining ore.
 Two glitt'ring spurs of silver polish'd bright,
 The certain emblems of a speedy flight.
 The charge deliver'd, and the man dismiss,
 BRUCE rolls the mystic message in his breast :
 By heav'n instructed, soon the meaning clears,
 Calls his attendants, and for flight prepares.

'Twas when bleak Boreas' sullen gusts arise,
 And bear the fleecy winter thro' the skies ;

When

When bellying clouds descend in spreading snow,
 And form a shining wilderness below ;
 By night the prince, two servants in his train,
 On horse-back mounting, scours the trackless plain:
 But lest the foe should trace his sudden flight,
 Along th' impression on the snowy white,
 By secret hands his couriers backward shod,
 Elude the search, and falsify the road,
 Thro' dreary shades of night, and tracks of snow,
 Where winds and storms in struggling tempests blow;
 Where hills and dales, the forest and the field,
 One tiresome undistinguish'd prospect yield ;
 Where roaring torrents roll their wat'ry sway,
 The Noble BRUCE pursues his restless way,
 Till past the dangers of the hostile plain,
 And the bleak horrors of the wintry reign,
 Lochmaben's gates a safe retreat afford*,
 Unfold obsequious, and receive their Lord.
 By two attendants led, the royal guest
 His great ancestors antient pavement prest :
 There found his brother, and Kilpatrick wight,
 Fleming and Lindsay, and the Reeve-knight†.

His

* *Lochmaben's gates. &c.* Lochmaben belong'd heretably to BRUCE's family, as they were Lords of Annandale.

† *The Reeve-knight.* The Red-reeve, 'alias' Thomas of Chartres, or Longville, whom WALLACE took at sea.

His eye, with wonder and confusion mix'd,
 On the brave stranger royal Edward fix'd.
 He gaz'd astonish'd ! then his brother knew,
 And, wing'd with joy, to his embraces flew.
 Each chief salutes his sov'reign in his turn,
 And all their hearts with mutual transports burn.
 The menials next with victuals load the board,
 And chiefs attending entertain their Lord.
 His hunger soon allay'd, the royal guest
 (As men of war are us'd with short repast),
 Begun his late adventures to relate,
 And runs the series of his former fate ;
 Till, sleep approaching, all the chiefs arose
 To guard their sov'reign to his soft repose.

Now ope's the wintry dawn, and Cynthia's ray
 Shoots a dim twilight thro' the lowring day,
 When loyal friends in bonds a courier bring,
 Fraught with dispatches to the south'ron king,
 By Cumming sent. The hardy Edward rose,
 And to the king's apartment softly goes.
 He found the monarch starting from his bed,
 And to his presence soon the captive led.

The man at once produc'd the trait'rous writ :
 The monarch read, and shudder'd at the sight.
 He views, and wonders at the black design,
 His eyes, indignant, rolling o'er each line.
 The purport bore—To haste the BRUCE's fate ;
 For kings shou'd dread the pop'lar and the great.

Fir'd :

Fir'd with revenge, his courser quick he calls,
And, furious, leaves Lochmaben's antient walls.
His friends, all ready now, their steeds bestrode,
And swiftly follow thro' the marshy road.
Straight to Dumfries advances all the train,
And find the Cumming in the sacred fane.
Rage and swift vengeance rolling in his breast,
BRUCE furious enter'd, and the man addrest,
'Villain! (meantime he shows the trait'rous scroll),
'Read this, and learn to hate thy perjur'd soul.'
Nor more——but pull'd a poniard from its sheath,
And in his heart deep drove the shining death.
Lord Cumming falls, a tide of crimson gore
Bursts from the wound, and stains the hallow'd
floor.

His cousin Edward, hasting to his aid,
Prone at his side by Lindsay's hand is laid.
This done, the BRUCE attended by his train,
Swift to Lochmaben measures back the plain:
Thence round his royal manifesto sends,
To warn his subjects, and invite his friends:
High rais'd, in gold the glitt'ring lions glare,
And round the standard crowds the loyal war.
The king appears, his noble mein imparts
Love to their souls, and courage to their hearts.
They view their prince, in arms a glorious name!
And ev'ry breast beats high with future fame.

The monarch, mounting, foremost trac'd the plain,
 Glitter the loyal squadrons in his train.
 Straight to imperial Scoon they bend their way,
 The sacred seat of Fergus' antient sway;
 When, o'er the lawns, as BRUCE directs his sight,
 A warlike courser bore a sable knight.
 His clouded mail a dusky horror shed,
 A bloody plume blaz'd nodding o'er his head.

As from some nightly cloud's impregnate womb,
 The sudden lightning glares along the gloom ;
 High on his helm so wav'd the blazy stream,
 And o'er his armour cast a doubtful gleam.
 In his strong hand a lance he rais'd on high,
 And a broad faulchion glitter'd at his thigh.
 Soon as the BRUCE the warlike knight beheld,
 Foremost, he speeds his courser o'er the field ;
 His beamy spear advancing in his rest,
 Aloud he calls, and thus the man address :
 " Whoe'er thou art in arms that tread'st the plain,
 ' Disclose thy purpose, thy designs explain ;
 ' Whether a stranger from some foreign soil,
 ' Thou com'st to view old Caledonia's toil ;
 ' By heav'n directed from a distant shore,
 ' To join her loyal sons, and aid her righteous war :
 ' Or if thou com'st her freedom to oppose,
 ' Obstruct our right, and to assist our foes ;
 ' Whoe'er thou art, obscure, or known to fame,
 ' Show thine intentions, and unfold thy name."

Thus

Thus spoke the king, and now the warrior band
Approaching, round the gallant stranger stand.
The courteous knight a low obeisance made,
And thus to royal BRUCE, submissive, said :

“ From foreign climes, and distant tracts of earth,
‘ I sought the soil where nature gave me birth ;
‘ Long since inform’d of my dear country’s woes,
‘ By home-bred faction torn, and foreign foes ;
‘ Arriv’d, with tears I view’d her wasted shore,
‘ Horrid with slaughter, and deform’d with gore:
‘ One face of ruin, direful, spread each plain,
‘ Her towns in ashes, and her heroes slain :
‘ I found my much lov’d fire a captive led,
‘ In fetters pin’d, and in a dungeon dead ;
‘ Myself bereft of all his wide domains,
‘ Where, now, the haughty Clifford proudly reigns:
‘ Mine eme addrest th’ usurper to regain
‘ My right paternal, but addrest in vain.
‘ The suit preferr’d, the tyrant rose in ire,
‘ And proudly check’d the venerable fire :
‘ Rejected with disdain, and dispossess’d,
‘ What grief and rage, indignant, tore my breast!
‘ Full of my country’s wrongs, mine own disgrace,
‘ I vow’d revenge on all the south’ron race.
‘ Just as the motion in my bosom roll’d,
‘ A loyal friend in joyfnl whispers told,
‘ The noble BRUCE, escap’d, pursu’d his way,
‘ T’ assert his title to the Scottish sway.

‘ Rous’d

' Rous'd with the thought, I arm, and soon prepare
 ' To join my prince, and aid the loyal war.
 ' If thou'rt that BRUCE, and those thy martial
 bands,
 ' A faithful subject waits thy just commands :
 ' A stranger I, a youth unknown to fame,
 ' But loyal Douglas was my father's name."

The BRUCE, well knowing what the fire had done,
 Flew to th' embraces of the gallant son;
 Close in his arms the godlike man he prest,
 And all the train salute the noble guest.
 Thence to imperial Scoon they bend their way,
 The far fam'd seat of Albion's ancient sway.
 Arriv'd, they enter ; guards forrounding wait,
 Whilst BRUCE is seated on a throne of state :
 Then from the altar of the hallow'd fane,
 The sacred officers the rites began.
 The regal oil, first plac'd by pious hands,
 In holy vases on the altar stands.
 The tuneful choir their solemn voices raise,
 And heav'n resounds the consecrated lays.
 The royal fragrance on his head they pour ;
 In od'rous drops descends the hallow'd show'r.
 Of gold and jewels next th' imperial crown
 (A daz'ling radiance !) round his temples shone.
 Mean while the chiefs, and the attending train,
 Intently gazing on the awful scene,

E

In

With wonder saw a flame, innoxious, spread
Its lambent glories round the monarch's head ;
Amaz'd, beheld unusual splendors rise !
Play o'er his face, and sparkle in his eyes.
Again the choir their notes in concert join,
Warbles the heav'nly anthem thro' the shrine,
The crowd in peals of loud applauses rise,
And, catch'd from vault to vault, the echoing noise
Rolls thro' the dome, and rattles in the skies.

The rites perform'd, attended by his train,
The sacred monarch leaves the hallow'd fane.
To rooms of state ascends the royal guest,
Where boards stood loaded with a rich repast.
Gay sparkling bowls the various banquet cheer,
And music's charms again suspend the ear.
The royal repast done, succeeds the ball,
And Caledonian beauties grace the hall ;
In rich attire attend their gen'rous prince,
And in bright measures lead the num'rous dance.
Now night, once more, the boards with goblets
crown'd,

Long live the King ! in ev'ry glass goes round ;
Round from repeated bowls rich nectar flows,
Till drowsy slumbers summon to repose.

The rising beams glow on the verge of day,
And o'er old ocean's heaving bosom play.
The noble BRUCE imperial Scoon forsakes,
To Bertha's tow'rs a royal journey takes.

With

With him fierce Edward issues to the plain,
 Lennox the bold, and Athole's hardy thane,
 Randolf and Hay, two thunderbolts of war!
 Seaton and Boyd to guard their prince prepare.
 The daring Sommerville in armour shines,
 And hardy Frazer his battalions joins.
 Inchmartin, Barclay, on the field appear,
 And doughty Douglas glitter'd in the rear.
 Five hundred spears advance in bright array,
 Gleam o'er the lawns, and doubly gild the day.
 In Bertha's tow'rs the crafty Pembroke stay'd,
 And twice ten hundred his commands obey'd.
 Before the town, then girt with walls around,
 The king approaching, mark'd the proper ground.
 Near to the works encamp'd the squadrons lay,
 Commission'd thence two trumpets take their way:
 Straight to the gates the martial heralds came,
 Requir'd the place in good King ROBERT's name;
 Summon'd the haughty Pembroke soon to yield,
 Or bravely meet their master in the field.
 The chief, indignant, hears the bold alarm,
 Deigns no reply, but bids the legions arm.
 Throughout the troops the leader's orders run,
 And, quick, in arms the warlike south'ron shone.
 Back to the camp the heralds soon repair,
 And bid their monarch for the fight prepare.
 The Scots hear from the walls the loud alarms,
 The ecchoing trumpets, and the din of arms.

Repairs each leader to his fix'd command,
And rang'd in firm array the legions stand.
The king on horseback views th' embattled lines,
Then dauntless at their head in armour shines.
Ready to sally, now, the south'ron train,
The gates unfolding, hasten to the plain;
When lo ! a chief before the ranks appears,
Grave were his looks, and rev'rend were his years ;
In ev'ry martial art precisely skill'd,
Deep at the board, and daring in the field.
Sir Ingram Omphraville, well known to fame,
In peace and war a venerable name !
The issuing troops his awful presence stay'd,
And thus the chief to haughty Pembroke said.
' High from the walls I view'd yon level strand,
' Where Scots array'd in firm battalia stand ;
' Compar'd to us, a small, but dauntless train,
' Inur'd to blood, and harden'd to the plain.
' Their country's love a gen'rous warmth imparts,
' Arms their intrepid hands, and steels their hearts.
' See ! round the ranks great BRUCE exerts his care,
' Cheers ev'ry bosom, and inflames the war.
' Full of his fire ! his fire well known of old,
' In council subtle, and in action bold.
' These other chiefs oft have I seen before,
' Thunder thro' death, and sweep the bloody shore.
' Glory and liberty their bosoms fill,
' And ev'ry captain boasts a gen'ral's skill.

' Greater

' Greater our numbers, but yon hardy train,
 ' Long us'd to war, are matchless on a plain.
 ' Therefore, my Lord, the doubtful field delay,
 ' And promise battle the succeeding day.
 ' Cautious, meantime, surprise the Scots by flight,
 ' Secure and guardless 'midst the shades of night."

Assents the leader, and the troops recalls;
 Sudden proclaims a trumpet from the walls,
 " This night each army to their rest repair,
 ' And let to-morrow's sun decide the war."

He said. The Scots, part on the field abode,
 And part to Methven's neighb'ring forest rode,
 In soft repose to lull each anxious care,
 Thoughtless of danger, undisturb'd by fear.

Now Cynthia, silent, sheds a silver light,
 Gilds the blue expanse, and adorns the night.
 The planets round in various orbits roll,
 Glows with unnumber'd fires the spangled pole:
 A solemn horror settles on the woods,
 And deeper roll the murmurs of the floods.
 Late to their rest retire the lab'ring swains,
 And silence o'er the face of nature reigns.
 'Twas now the south'ron chiefs for fight prepare,
 And from the walls lead forth th' embattl'd war.
 The waving lances shoot a beamy light,
 And doubly gild the glories of the night.
 To Methven, where the Scots securely lay,
 The crafty leaders shape their silent way.

Swift as they march'd, by chance a watchful knight
Descrries the squadrons thro' the gleamy night.
Sudden he hastes to rouse the slumb'ring crowd :
By that fly Omphraville attacks the wood.
The hardy king had scarce his banner cry'd,
When Pembroke thunder'd at the forest side.
The narrow forest no defence cou'd yield,
Then rush'd the daring monarch to the field.
The Scottish chiefs to guard the standard ran,
Furious commenc'd the combat on the plain.
Together fast the battle brimly goes,
Loud to the skies the thick'ning clamours rose.
From forged steel thick flash'd the streamy light,
Mix'd with the air, and blaz'd along the night.
The doughty king aloud his banner cries,
And furious 'midst the thickest squadrons flies.
His burnisht brand was heavy, sharp, and long,
With ireful force he hew'd amidst the throng.
Thro' shining armour bursts the crimson gore,
And a red deluge floats along the shore.
The chiefs advance their sov'reign to sustain,
And haughty Pembroke meets the loyal train.
Fierce with a shout the hosts together bound,
Trembles the forest, and the skies resound.
A waste of ruin round the field is spread,
And heaps on heaps lie roll'd the mangled dead.
The noble king exerts his awful might,
And Edward's fury flam'd amidst the fight.

There Somerville dealt round his deadly blows,
 And doughty Douglas thunder'd on his foes.
 Bold Lennox here, there Athole's hardy band
 Pour on the front, and sweep the deathful strand.
 Pembroke with grief their awful force beheld,
 His troops all broke, and reeling in the field;
 Unable to sustain their martial fire,
 Dismay'd he stood, and ready to retire;
 When Omphraville (the Scottish commons won),
 And Moubray on the rear a charge begun.
 This Pembroke saw, and soon his pow'r recalls,
 And with fresh vigour in the front assails.
 The Scots o'erpow'r'd, and on the point to yield,
 With rage and grief the glorious king beheld.
 Aloud his loyal banner calls again,
 And fiercely rushes on th' opposing train.
 Thro' all the ranks he scatters death around,
 Red roll the crimson torrents o'er the ground.
 To save his friends, and to secure the state,
 What wonders wrought he in the dire debate!
 But vain the thought, thus singly to sustain
 The war's whole tide, and fury of the plain.
 Urg'd in the front, encompass'd on the rear,
 His fainting squadrons all for flight prepare.
 Their foes no longer able to withstand,
 Diverse they fled, and left the bloody strand.
 Randolf and Someville proud Pembroke bore,
 Inchmartin, Barclay, captives from the shore.

And

And Frazer, long for martial deeds renown'd,
And other chiefs the south'ron triumph crown'd.
The hardy Moubray rushing o'er the strand,
Had seiz'd the BRUCE's bridle in his hand ;
Loud to the legions the bold warrior cries,
Haste to my aid, mine is the royal prize.
But daring Seton sees the captive prince,
And, sudden, rushes to his lord's defence ;
High, in his right, he bore a flaming brand,
On Moubray's helm the thick'ning blows descend ;
'Till, bent beneath his force, he quits the rein,
And reels, and staggers, stunn'd, along the plain.
The king, thus rescu'd, from the battle fled,
And south'ron chiefs to Perth their captives led.
Dispatch'd, a courier speeds o'er Solway's shore,
And Pembroke's letters to great Edward bore.
Joyful he reads the action on the plain,
The BRUCE's rout, the captives, and the slain ;
Each pris'ner soon a barb'rous death enjoins :
But the wise leader baulks his lord's designs.
His crafty speeches their intentions try'd,
And bounty fix'd them to the hostile side :
Their lives he granted, liberties restor'd,
And ev'n * young Randolf own'd a south'ron lord.

The

* *Young Randolf own'd, &c.* Thomas Randolf was the king's nephew by his sister; who being made prisoner here, and despairing of his uncle's affairs, went heartily into the English interest: But being sometime after retaken by James Douglas, restored

The commons all a joint obedience yield,
 Dismay'd and routed in the bloody field,
 Forsake their homage since the fatal strife,
 And meanly barter liberty for life.

The noble monarch thus by fraud o'erthrown,
 His hopes near ruin'd, and his succours gone;
 To mountains, wilds, and desarts now repairs,
 To shun the danger of surrounding wars.

Edward attends him on his lonely way,
 Athole, and Douglas, and the loyal Hay.

Campbell and Haliburton with him ride,
 Names all devoted to the righteous side.

Three hundred peasants gath'ring to their lord,
 A weak but voluntary aid afford.

'Midst barren rocks, and unfrequented ways,
 The royal Outlaw spends his irksome days.

Wild roots his hunger, and his thirst allay'd

The friendly stream that thro' the valley stray'd.

Green moss by night affords his homely bed,

'Midst the dark forest's hospitable shade.

Thus, lonely, wander'd, overset with pow'r,

The royal exile on his native shore:

'Till pinch'd with cold and want, the feeble train

Their toils no longer able to sustain;

Where

to the king's favour, and created Earl of Murray;
 he proved one of the greatest commanders of his
 time.

Where fair Devana's friendly fortress lay,
 Thro' roads uncouth direct their secret way.
 Thither the queen and beauteous ladies came,
 Brave Neil attending on the royal dame.

* Devana! boasted seat of arts divine,
 Renown'd by Phœbus, and the sacred nine!
 With all th' immortal stores of science grac'd,
 The spoils of Rome, and trophies of the east:
 Since, driv'n by barb'rous bands, th' harmonious
 maids,
 From Thespian bow'rs, and from the Latian shades;
 By Phœbus' care conducted o'er the main,
 Of old arriv'd on the † Tæzalian plain;
 Near where the Don, fam'd for her scaly brood,
 Her tide disgorges in the Grampian flood;
 A fabrick stands, whose gilded tow'rs on high,
 Rear'd into diadems, invade the sky.
 Here meets th' ‡ Albanian prince the tuneful choir,
 And hails the patron of the sounding lyre;
 Conducts the muses to the gay retreat,
 Assigns their mansion, and confirms their seat.

○ much

* *Devana*. New Aberdeen, situated towards the mouth of the river Dee. About a mile from thence, northward, lies Old Aberdeen, near the mouth of the river Don: where stands a famous university, founded by James IV. king of Scots.

† *Tæzalian*. The people of Mar, Buchan, and all about Aberdeen.

‡ *Albanian prince, &c.* The forefaid James IV.

O much lov'd seat ! nurse of my tender days!
 Accept this humble tribute of my lays ;
 So may each art and science grace thy halls,
 And wealth and splendor still adorn thy walls.
 May ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace be thine
 As love and gratitude shall still be mine.
 Thy duteous sons shall sing thy glories round,
 And Dona's banks repeat the pleasing sound.
 To ev'ry lyre the rural pow'rs shall crowd,
 The sylvan gods, and naiads of the flood ;
 With raptures list'ning to the song divine,
 Inspir'd by Phœbus and the sacred nine.
 Let Helicon his fountains boast no more,
 Nor Tyber glory in his vocal shore ;
 Ye Greek and Latin springs resign your fame,
 Now lost in Dona's consecrated stream.

Within the neighb'ring walls the monarch lay,
 Liv'd on delight, and lov'd the hours away.
 The other chiefs, amidst their consorts charms,
 Forget their toils, and lull the din of arms.
 Short their delights. From all th' adjacent lands,
 And neighb'ring strengths, arose the south'ron bands.
 Assemble to the war the gath'ring pow'rs,
 And join and thicken to Devana's tow'rs.
 The king appris'd, nor able to sustain
 Th' unequal force, withdraws his little train.
 From Deva's shores to Avon's spacious source,
 The royal bands remensurate their course.

There

There rode the Queen, and all the lovely fair,
'Midst barren climes expos'd to bleak air.
Near where * M'Dougal held his savage sway,
The monarch with his thin battalions lay.
M'Dougal nephew to the Cumming slain,
Fir'd with revenge, advances to the plain.
A thousand shields approaching to the fight,
Dart from their bossy orbs a glimm'ring light.
The hardy king near to a forest stands,
And to array calls forth his faithful bands.
Three hundred lances glitter in the air,
Move into ranks, and wait the barb'rous war.
Swift as their native does, the hostile train
Arm'd with fell axes, bounding to the plain,
By fierce M'Dougal violently led,
On BRUCE's host a furious onset made.
Ye gods ! how dire, how dreadful was the fray ?
How fierce the charge, how obstinate the day ?
The bold M'Dougal's troops, a barb'rous crowd,
Inur'd to rapine, and bred up to blood ;

Like

* *M'Dougal of Lorn*, was sister's son to Cumming whom BRUCE had slain; and, as was natural, resented his uncle's death, whilst perhaps he did not know who had the just title to the crown. His honourable and loyal descendants will pardon the author's being obliged to follow the course of the history, and to treat him here as a rebel.

Like wolves untam'd, or like the mountain boar,
 Their fury on the royal squadrons pour,
 And with fell axes mow the bloody shore.

'Twas here the noble king was hard essay'd,
 At once his courage, force, and conduct try'd.

He mark'd the fury of the barb'rous host,
 And saw his friends bestrew the sanguine coast;

With grief beheld the havock of the day,

Ev'n Douglas bleeding, and the gallant Hay.

He felt his soul pierc'd with the tender sight,

And call'd forth all the wonders of his might.

Awful in ire, his banner cry'd aloud,

And rush'd resistless on the savage crowd.

Thro' the crush'd war with dreadful force he broke,

Trembl'd the nodding forest at the shock.

As when some furious whirlwind sweeps the plain,

Sounds thro' the skies, and settles on the main;

Mix'd in black tempest rising billows roll,

Roars the vex'd ocean, and resounds the pole.

Thus far'd the monarch 'midst the adverse band,

Thus burn'd the thick'ning combat on the strand.

The barb'rous foe, stopt in their bloody course,

Stood still, and gaz'd, astonish'd at his force.

While pour'd in torrents rolls the savage gore,

And ten score axes strow the crimson shore;

Ev'n fierce M'Dougal dreads the monarch's might,

Yet fir'd with rage still animates the fight.

Mean time the Queen, and all the lovely crowd,
From the thick covert of the shady wood,
Viewing the fury of each adverse train,
And all the various terrors of the plain,
Amaz'd, and trembling at the face of war,
Thus to the heav'ns their ardent vows prefer.

“Thou! at whose voice divine the thunders roll,
And shake the solid basis of the pole;
Whose dreadful nod ev'n Gods and men obey,
Thou sole, thou sacred rector of the sky!
To our joint vows thine ear, propitious, bend,
And thine anointed from his foes defend;
Bear him, thou mighty arbiter of fate,
Far from the fury of the dire debate;
Or crush the hostile war, and drive yon band,
Dismay'd and wither'd, from the bloody strand:
The monarch's labours crown, reward his toils,
And bid him triumph in the rebel spoils.”
They said, and heav'n assents to half the pray'r,
The half rejects and mingles with the air.

Just as the foe again for fight prepare,
Range in fierce ranks, and recommence the war;
The king, with wisdom as with valour grac'd,
His bands assembling, thus the chiefs address.

“You see, yon rebel animates his train,
His squadrons rallies, and renews the plain;

Num'rous

' Num'rous their troops, and well with weapons stor'd,
 ' A brutal people with a savage Lord;
 ' Stock'd with provisions in their native soil,
 ' We pinch'd with famine, and fatigu'd with toil.
 ' Suffice it, then, we once have check'd their course,
 ' Their fury blunted, and repell'd their force.
 ' Nor let us further tempt our doubtful fate,
 ' But save our friends, and cautiously retreat.
 ' Renown'd the chiefs, whose souls, undaunted, dare
 ' Face the stern day, and meet the front of ware;
 ' Can slaughter in each hideous form disdain,
 ' Thunder thro' fate, and sweep the ghastly plain!
 ' The hero lives exalted into fame;
 ' Nor less the glory of that leader's name,
 ' Who, prest with odds, can check his martial fire,
 ' Elude the foe, and cautiously retire."

Thus spoke the king; and soon, in just array,
 Retreat the legions from th' unequal day.
 The hostile squadrons for the chace prepare,
 But the bold monarch sternly guards the rear.
 Douglas and Hay, and all the chieftains stand
 In arms, an iron bulwark! on the strand.
 Till by degrees retiring from the field,
 The loyal troops had gain'd the woody bield.
 His hopes all blasted, and his purpose crost,
 To Lorn M'Dougal reconducts his host.

Thus to the wood the king and chiefs repair,
Safe from the noise and danger of the war ;
There found the Queen, and all the charming train,
And in their lovely arms forget their pain.
By their soft hands each scar and bleeding wound,
With studious care is tented, bath'd, and bound.
Not Phœbus self, God of the healing art,
Cou'd half so swift so sov'reign ease impart.
Her dittany no longer Crete shall boast,
No more Arabia vaunt her balmy coast ;
The fair physicians speedier aid afford,
Their touch was med'cine, and their lips restor'd.
The weary chiefs, secure from dire alarms,
Feed on their eyes, and live upon their charms ;
In pleasing dialogue consume the light,
And melt in softer extasies the night.

Now, late in ocean bath'd, th' autumnal star
Rears his red orb, and shoots a keener glare.
Around, his breath in sultry vapours flies,
Glow's the parch'd earth, and flame the middle skies.
Long had the host consum'd their irksom time,
'Midst barb'rous foes, and in a horrid clime ;
By hunger driv'n, pursu'd the hunter's toil,
O'er craggy cliffs, and thro' a desert soil ;
Spoil'd all the forests of their savage game,
Ransack'd each den, and pillag'd ev'ry stream ;
Now spent with labour much, with famine more,
At last prepare to quit the rugged shore.

'Bove

'Bove all, the royal dame, and beauteous train,
 Strange to the hardships of a rough campaign;
 By hunger pinch'd, and round with foes beset,
 Resolve to flee, and tempt their future fate.
 The king and chiefs their consorts sorrows shar'd,
 Mourn'd their declining strength and charms impair'd;
 With boding hearts the lovely fair embrac'd,
 And, bath'd in tears, the sad departure haste.
 The noble * Neil, and Athole's loyal thane,
 Direct the way, and guide the lovely train.

On Dona's fertile banks a fortress stood,
 Stupendous pile! the labour of some God:
 Held by the father of the royal dame,
 Impregnable! Kildrummy is its name.
 Thither the watchful chiefs, with loyal care,
 Thro' wilds, and paths unknown, conduct the fair.
 There at their ease the tender beauties rest,
 But still the monarch labours in their breast.
 The monarch! who, meantime, thro' hills and dales,
 'Midst barren rocks, and solitary vales,
 With fates averse, with cold, and famine's pains,
 Superior strives, and heav'n his soul sustains.

How deep the counsels of th' eternal mind!
 Man's thoughts how stinted, and his views how
 blind!

F 3

Far

* *Noble Neil.* Neil Bruce the king's brother,
 taken afterwards by the English and put to death
 at Kildrummy.

Far in the womb of causes, fix'd on high,
Events in regular confusion lye;
Till heav'n shall by degrees each link unloose,
And step by step our future fate disclose;
Not man, but angels, shall explore in vain
The winding order of the mystic chain.
Mortals, obedient to th' eternal nod,
Must hope, and suffer, and attend the God.

Thus, long the monarch struggl'd with his fate,
Glorious in patience, and resign'dly great;
Means and events he weigh'd with proper care,
In counsel wise, and terrible in war;
Through ev'ry scene, in ev'ry act sedate,
Bold to attack, and cautious to retreat;
No toil refusing for the state's defence,
A loving father, and a gen'rous prince.

Thus long, illustrious, in distress he lay, (away:
And spent, in mountain wastes, his tedious hours
Nor durst, sore pinch'd with want, the loyvl pow'r
Forsake the heights, or tempt the champaign shore.
Now autumn past, approach'd the wint'ry sway,
And night's black shades usurp'd upon the day.
The gath'ring clouds descending from on high,
Low, fraught with storms, and threaten in the sky.
The north's chill breath comes keener o'er the plain,
And, sharper thrilling, scuds the thicken'd rain.

The

The noble BRUCE, unable now to bear,
Amidst a desert clime, th' inclement year;
His legions warns, resolving to retreat,
And in Cantyre to tempt his future fate.
Meanwhile, before the gen'rous Camp oell sends,
To view the country, and apprise his friends,
Then to Lochlowmond march the loyal band,
And find a crazy birlin on the strand;
They lannch the boat, and, pair by pair, the host
In twice twelve hours attain the farther coast.
The hungry legions scour the desert lawns,
Beat round the woods, and rouze the nimble fawns.
Bold Lennox hears, amaz'd, the mingl'd sounds
Of cheering horns about, and op'ning hounds.
Lennox! who, here, since Methven's fatal strife,
On roots and savage game sustain'd his life.
He knew the king, and warn'd his little pow'r,
And, joyful, met him near the briny shore.
At once the monarch and the chiefs drew near,
And, courteous, hail and hug the loyal peer.
The loyal peer supplies the host with food,
The mountain-goat, and product of the wood.
Of toils and dangers past the various tale
Mutual diverts, and cheers the welcome meal.
The repast ended, rose the royal train,
And hasted to the margin of the main.
By this had faithful Campbell gain'd the land,
And ships, with victuals fraught, obscur'd the strand.

The

The joyful host soon launch into the deep,
 And lab'ring oars the foamy billows sweep.
 * Th' Hebridian chief, who stretch'd his ample reign
 † Wide o'er the daughters of the Western main,
 The monarch welcomes to the friendly coast,
 And gen'rous entertains the loyal host.
 Three days they rested, then put out to sea,
 And to † Raclinda plow'd the liquid way.
 Raclinda's boors their ready aid afford,
 Receive with joy, and own their righteous Lord;
 Gladly supply the troops with needful store:
 A friendly race, an hospitable shore.
 Thro' the bleak season here the monarch stay'd
 Obscure, and fame around proclaim'd him dead.
 Mean while his foes assemble all their bands,
 Harass his kindred, and ran sack their lands.
 No diff'rence put 'twixt sacred and profane,
 And ev'n the hallow'd mitre pled in vain.
 || Glasgow's old, loyal, venerable sire,
 In bonds and dungeons felt the faction's ire.

* The

* *Th' Hebridian chief, &c.* Æneas or Angus, lord of the Western islands.

† *Wide o'er the daughters, &c.* A poetical way of expressing those islands scattered up and down through the Caledonian sea.

† *Raclinda, &c.* Rauchrine or Rauchline, one of the said islands.

|| *Glasgow's old, loyal, venerable sire.* The bishop of Glasgow (our author does not mention his name) imprisoned and put to death by the Cumminian faction.

* The noble Seton, ever dear to fame,
 A godlike patriot, and a spotless name;
 By factious treason in Lochdoun betray'd,
 And to † Augusta's hostile tow'rs convey'd;
 For Scotia's sake resign'd his gallant breath,
 Great in his life, and glorious in his death.
 Seton! thou brave, thou ever loyal name!
 How the muse warms with the exalted theme!
 Let Rome no more her fam'd preservers boast,
 Camillus, Curii, and the Fabian host;
 Old Albion in her Setons vaunts her odds,
 A race of heroes rising into Gods.
 The royal dame, beset with trait'rous pow'r,
 Forsakes Kildrummy, and the faithless shore.
 Northward she fled; but Rossia's rebel-thane
 Betray'd, ungenerous, the female train;
 Convey'd them captive to Augusta's tow'rs,
 To waste, confin'd, their melancholly hours.

T' assail Kildrummy south'rons next prepare,
 And young Caernarvon heads the num'rous war.
 Great Gloucester the youthful leader joins,
 And, 'midst his squadrons, hardy Hertford shines.
 In broad array the legions sweep along,
 And round the walls dispose the warlike throng.
 Each

* *The noble Seton, &c.* Sir Christopher Seton,
 the noble ancestor of the Earl of Winton.
 † *Augusta.* London.

Each gate young Edward views, each pass secures,
And storms of batt'ries rattle on the tow'rs.
But gallant Neil, and Athole's hardy thane,
Repel the fury of the hostile train :
In vain an iron tempest round them flies,
And shocks of engines thunder thro' the skies.
Their noble breasts no sense of danger palls,
Each soul undaunted, as unmov'd the walls.
Tir'd with the fruitless task, th' impatient prince
His fire admonish'd of the bold defence.
The haughty fire soon arms his awful pow'r,
And onward speeds to Solway's sandy shore.
Fond man ! How inscious of thy mortal date ?
How blind to that last swift approach of fate ?
In vain thou seest thy steely legions glare,
And triumph'st in the pomp of impious war.
In thy fond heart proud conquest vainly reigns,
And lust of lawless pow'r thy bosom stains.
In vain oppressive sway thy breast inspires :
Behold the period of thy vast desires !
Sudden, thou feel'st thy latest minutes roll,
* And in a paultry hut expires thy soul.
Pride and ambition hand thee down to fame,
And tyranny fits black upon thy name.

Not

* *And in a paultry hut, &c.* Edward I. died suddenly in this expedition to Scotland, at a cottage in a place called Burgh upon the Sands.

Not so, when once, 'gainst unbelieving foes,
 Flam'd thy dread faulchion in the sacred cause !
 When Antioch saw thee thunder on the shore,
 And Syrian streams run red with Pagan gore.
 'Twas then bright trophies to thy name arose,
 And bays unfading grac'd thy awful brows.
 Now lawless might and fraud the scene o'ercaft,
 Wither thy laurels, and thy triumphs blast.
 Now, unlamented, thou resign'st thy breath,
 The hate of life, and ridicule of death.

Meanwhile the Scots maintain Kildrummy's tow'rs,
 And darts and jav'lins mix in iron show'rs.
 High in their glitt'ring arms the chiefs appear,
 And from the walls annoy the hostile war.
 Impregnable the mighty fortress stands,
 And braves the force of all the south'ron bands.
 Vex'd at the vain attack, the prince recalls
 His troops, just ready to forsake the walls:
 When suddenly a mighty flame he spies
 Burst from the roof, and crackle in the skies.
 Accurst contrivance ! a perfidious Scot
 Had in a secret tow'r the treason wrought.
 At this, the prince again his squadrons forms,
 And with fresh force the flaming fortress storms.
 Betray'd, the brave defendants, and amaz'd,
 With tears upon the spreading mischief gaz'd.
 No longer equal to the dire dispute,
 Assail'd by fire within, by force without ;

Their

Their hopes extinguish'd, their provisions lost,
On terms surrender to the south'ron host,
But haughty Edward, who no terms observ'd,
Some hang'd, some quarter'd, some in prisons starv'd,
The chiefs, brave Neil and Athole long renown'd,
Their fate amidst a thousand torments found.

And now Caernarvon and his bands retire,
To pay the last sad duties to his fire.
The court expecting on the border-strand,
Welcome the monarch to his native land.
Peers, prelates, gen'als, knights, a splendid train !
Sumptuous attend, and aid the solemn scene ;
To Westminster in sable pomp proceed,
Yawns the deep marble, and receives the dead !
The fire's last rites perform'd, his royal son,
The young Caernarvon, mounts the south'ron throne.

Meantime brave BRUCE on Rauchlin's rugged
shores,
Patient consumes the winter's bleak hours ;
Intirely inscious of the lowland state,
His captive Queen, and mighty Edward's fate.
Nor fame had yet o'er those wild mountains spread
Kildrummy sack'd, and his lov'd brother dead.
Unknowing, and unknown, his days he past,
Far on a horrid, unregarded coast.
But Douglas weary of the dull delay,
The vain-spent night, and the inactive day ;

The martial youth aspiring now to fame,
 To prove his worth, and to assert his name;
 Cou'd brook no longer this inglorious rest,
 And thus, impatient, the bold Boyd addrest.

"How long, my friend, thus idly shall we moan
 ' Our fortunes ruin'd, and the state undone?
 ' How long shall Albion's unrelenting foes
 ' Feed on her spoils, and triumph in her woes,
 ' While thus her cause her sons like cowards yield,
 ' Nor dare assert her in the gen'rous field?
 ' Forbid it heav'n! nor let the Douglas' fame
 ' Sink in a dastard son's inglorious name.
 ' No; like my fires, I'll seek the dire debate,
 ' Meet the brave day, and court the face of fate.
 ' Henceforth this anxious soul shall know no rest,
 ' No ease these limbs, no peace this lab'ring breast;
 ' Till Albion, free from force of foreign bands,
 ' And from her impious sons more barb'rous hands,
 ' Shall in her pomp of ancient splendor rise,
 ' Her glory fill the earth, and reach the distant skies;
 ' Till BRUCE, succeeding to his right divine,
 ' Shall add new lustre to great Fergus' line."

He said: And Boyd assented as he spoke,
 And of the king a sudden leave they took.

Swift from the rough Raclinda's steepy bay,
 Launch the bold chiefs, and sweep the wat'ry way;
 Fly o'er the whit'ning surface of the main,
 And land on Arran's coast their little train.

Long had the isle obey'd the south'ron pow'r,
And Hastings govern'd on the rocky shore.
In Bradwick fortress lay the hostile band,
When Boyd and Douglas gain'd the barren strand.
The Scots withdrew, and in close ambush lay,
Far in a thicket on a scroggy bay.
Just as the deputy three galleys brought,
With arms, and with provisions richly fraught ;
The mariners their vessels quickly moor,
As quick the Scottish chiefs array their pow'r.
The servants led the victuals from the main,
Mov'd the stuff 'd waggons o'er the beachy plain ;
When, all amaz'd, the Caravan beheld,
The hardy Scots, in order, take the field.

As when some lion, couching on the lawn,
Views from a rocky cliff the sportive fawn ;
The lordly savage shoots along the way,
Bounds from the steep, and tears his trembling prey.
Thus Douglas, furious, rush'd amid'st the foe,
And twenty deaths the sea-beat level strow.
The artful Boyd his needless aid restrain'd,
But spoil'd th' attendants, and the victuals gain'd.
By this bold Hastings hears the warlike noise,
And ireful to his friends assistance flies.
The doughty Douglas spies th' approaching band,
And sudden hastes to meet them near the briny strand.
But when the haughty south'ron chief beheld
The daring foe thus dauntless take the field ;

Superior,

Superior, yet he dreads the Douglas' might,
 And back to Bradwick wings his cōward flight.
 Brave Douglas to the walls pursues in vain,
 Strong was the fort, and few the Scottish train.
 The chief returning finds the hostile store,
 And faithful Boyd attending on the shore.
 Then, in the covert of a shady wood,
 The Scots themselves and all the prey besto w'd.

Ten days were past, when BRUCE embarks his
 host,
 And swiftly launches from Raclinda's coast,
 Furnish'd with needful stores, the royal train
 In thirty galleys plow the wat'ry plain
 On Arran's rocky isle, direct, they bore,
 And gales propitious waft them to the shore.
 There rose a hamlet on a rugged bay ;
 Thither the king and chieftains bent their way ;
 Enter'd a paultry inn, and, quick, demand
 What strangers late had trod the barren strand ?
 Up rose a female, and the Monarch led
 Where Boyd and Douglas held the forest-shade.
 The BRUCE his horn inspires; the veh'ment blast
 Rings thro' the wood, and floats along the coast.
 Alarm'd the leaders at the well-known sound,
 With eager haste from out the thicket bound.
 Joyful salute the king, and then relate
 The warden's foil, and their first prosp'rous fate :

Thence to the inn trace back the winding shore,
And menials lead along the rifled store.

Rich south'ron victuals load the homely board,
And Boyd and Douglas entertain their Lord.

Next all the army share a large repast;

Glad was the king, and merry was the host.

Now ceas'd keen Boreas' freezing breath to blow,
And streams, unbound, in grateful murmur flow;
No more, thro' lowring skies, mix'd tempests reign,
Nor angry surges swell the sounding main.

Smile all the meads, and blofom all the groves,
And the wing'd songsters chant their tender loves.

The various beauties of the spring appear,

And gentle Zephyrs fan the genial year.

The noble king three days in Arran's isle,

Refresh'd his troops, and rested from his toil.

Now tir'd of ease, his thoughts on Carrick bends*,

And thither soon a faithful courier sends;

Bids him, attentive, view the country o'er,

Practise with caution, and their faith explore.

If friendly-----on the coast a fire must blaze†,

Th' undoubted signal of a loyal race.

The

* *On Carrick, &c.* Carrick belong'd hereditarily to ROBERT BRUCE in right of his mother, which made him the fonder to sound the inclinations of that people.

† *A fire must blaze, &c.* I have always found it the greatest difficulty to bring up such little circumstances as these to any degree of poetry. When the action is great in it self, and the incidents propor-

The messenger obeys, and quits the strand,
And, swift, arrives on BRUCE's native land.
The peasants tries, but finds them, as he goes,
All sworn to south'rons, all the Monarch's foes.
Yet, or by chance or fraud, 'tis hard to say,
The blaze appear'd upon th' appointed day.
The careful King beholds the rising gleam†,
And to the leaders points the distant flame.

G 3

But

tionally noble, the poet labours least. A dignity of expression rises naturally out of the greatness of such an action, and in that case, a man has more use for his judgment than his genius, in order to moderate his heat, and keep him from running up into rant and fustian. On the contrary, in petty circumstances, like this before us, the judgment has but little to do; nor are they capable of genius, because they cannot be turn'd out of their own nature, that is, they cannot be rais'd or depress'd with any manner of decorum or propriety.

† *The careful King beholds the rising gleam.* In case the reader shou'd not so well understand this circumstance, as it is narrated in rhyme, I shall tell him in prose, that the King had commanded a trusty servant to pass privately over from Arran, (where he then was) into Carrick, one of his own hereditary possessions, in order to try the inclinations of that people. If he found them loyal, he was to erect a fire upon the nearest point of land towards Arran, as a sign of their fidelity and good disposition; but if not, he was to come off privately as he went, without kindling any such fire. He found them intirely in the English interest, and BRUCE's enemies to a man, and consequently erected no fire. However, either by chance, or to the King's imagination, a fire did appear, which carried him over amongst the midst of his enemies.

But whilst the sailors, at their Lord's command,
 Unmoor the fleet, and clear the crowded strand;
 The hostess, bent beneath a load of years,
 Before the Monarch on the beach appears.
 Time on her brows in wrinkled furrows fat,
 But deep her counsels, and her words were fate.
 Some secret pow'r her lab'ring bosom sway'd
 Her bristled hair rose horrid round her head;
 Foaming she stares, her eye-balls wildly rowl,
 As BRUCE's fate came full upon her soul.
 Her words, in more than mortal sounds, unfold
 Long fix'd decrees, and oracles of old.
 While thus-- "Hail, mighty prince! pursue thy way,
 " Thro' toil, to glory and undoubted sway.
 " Descended of an ancient Druid*, I
 " Feel future scenes, and labour with the sky.
 " Long shalt thou struggle in the dire debate,
 " Combat distresses, and contend with fate.
 " Ev'n now I see thee sweating on the shore,
 " And the red field distain'd with running gore.
 " I see a Hero†, now amidst our foes,
 " Whose soul, misled, still loves the loyal cause;

By

* *Descended of an ancient Druid, &c.* The Druids were ancient heathen priests both in France and Britain. They generally perform'd all their religious offices under oak-trees, and from thence receiv'd their name; for so oaks are call'd in the Greek, and old Celt or Scythic language.

† *I see a Hero now amidst our Foes, &c.* This was Thomas. Randolph, the King's nephew

' By subtile art to south'ron homage brought,
 ' Rise on neglect, and conquer by his fault.
 ' I see a knight from hostile regions far,
 ' Great in his wrongs, approach to aid thy war.
 ' The injur'd exile combats with disdain*,
 ' And glory crowns him on a foreign plain.
 ' I see yon sable chief†, amidst the croud,
 ' All grim with dust, and stain'd with future blood.
 ' Ere

who had been taken, and was at this time in the English interest; But was afterwards recover'd by James Douglas, as I hinted before. At the battle of Bannockburn, he happen'd to neglect a post his Majesty had order'd him to maintain, but afterwards bravely recover'd his honour, and was a great instrument in the victory of that day.

* *The injur'd exile, &c.* The ancestor of the present Duke of Hamilton. His name was Gilbert Hampton, descended (as some say) of the family of Leicester. This gentleman having spoke well of ROBERT BRUCE in the English court, was, for that reason, suddenly attack'd, and slightly wounded by one of the Spencers, then great favourites of Edward II. The crowd interpos'd, so as Mr Hampton could not revenge himself at that time, but the next day he met him, and run him through. Upon this he left his country, and fled to ROBERT BRUCE, who receiv'd him kindly, and in lieu of his estate, which was then forfeited in England, gave him the lands of Cadzeow, Hamilton, &c. in the West, and chang'd his name from Hampton to Hamilton. He behav'd with the utmost bravery at Bannockburn, and was knighted on the field.

† *I see yon sable chief, &c.* James Douglas, who was order'd by K. ROBERT to carry his heart after his death to the holy land.

- ‘ Ere yet eternal slumbers seal thine eyes,
 ‘ Ere yet thy soul shall mount its kindred skies,
 ‘ To him I hear thy latest breath impart
 ‘ The pious charge of thine untainted heart :
 ‘ Pure from thy breast enchas’d in shining ore,
 ‘ To bear the relique to the sacred shore.
 ‘ I see the Hero eager to fulfil
 ‘ The last great mandate of his sov’reign’s will,
 ‘ Around encompass’d by a warlike throng,
 ‘ And join’d by Sinclair, and the gallant Young;
 ‘ In Tay’s baord chanel hoist his swelling sails,
 ‘ Waft o’er the brine, and reach Iberia’s vales*.
 ‘ I see him there oppose his manly breast
 ‘ To swarming legions from the swarthy East †;

‘ All

* *And reach Iberia’s vales.* Iberia and Hesperia ancient names of Spain.

† *To swarming legions from the swarthy east.* This was about the end of the 13th century, when those expeditions of the christian princes (commonly call’d the Croisade), in order to recover the holy land out of the hands of the infidels, were hottest. James Douglas having been enjoin’d (as I have hinted) to carry the king’s heart to the holy sepulchre, hearing in his passage by the coast of Spain, that the Saracens were very numerous, and prevail’d exceedingly there, immediately landed, engaged and defeated them in several battles. At last growing too confident of his success, the enemy having now become contemptible to him, and venturing to pursue a vast number with a handful of men, he fell into an ambuscade, was surrounded and slain.

' All bath'd in blood, upon the distant shore,
 ' I see him thunder thro' the pagan war ;
 ' I see whole nations fall beneath his hand,
 ' And Ofman's millions choak th' Iberian strand†.
 ' But now his courage into rashness grows,
 ' And, flush'd with success, he disdains his foes ;
 ' Too far, incautious, tempts the treach'rous plain,
 ' O'erborn by armies, and by armies slain.
 ' More I cou'd name of ancient loyal blood,
 ' But see---- thy fleet already stems the flood,
 ' Go then, to glory, patient, trace thy way,
 ' Till once shall dawn the bright immortal day ;
 ' When one brave field shall all thy labours crown,
 ' And earth and skies shall eccho thy renown.
 And to confirm the fate I now declare,
 ' Mine own two sons shall all thy dangers share ;
 ' Attend thy toils, 'till the great task is done,
 ' And fate have fix'd the BRUCE on Fergus' ancient
 throne."

Thus far the prophetess, and bent her way
 Back to the inn ; the Monarch put to sea.
 The labouring oars the heaving billows sweep,
 Bound the swift vessels o'er the hoary deep.
 At last they gain the BRUCE's native land,
 And the moor'd galleys cloud the oozy strand.
 Dejected, on the beach appear'd the squire,
 Before commission'd to erect the fire.

He

† *Ofman* emperor of the Saracens.

He told the Monarch all was hostile ground,
And that bold Piercy rul'd the country round.
Three hundred south'rons waited his command,
Himself the sov'reign tyrant of the land.
Then ask'd the Monarch, how he dar'd to raise
Upon a hostile coast the trait'rous blaze?
The man deny'd; nor knew he how it came,
Nor durst extinguish the deceitful flame.
Then thus the King accosts the council round,
"Or shall we venture on the faithless ground?
'Or silent shall we quit the dang'rous plain,
'Unmoor our fleet, and measure back the main?"
To this the fiery Edward first reply'd,
"No dread shall drive me back into the tide;
'Let thousands meet our hundreds on the strand,
'Resolv'd I'll venture on the rebel-land."
The Monarch smil'd, the chiefs the sentence own,
March the bold squadrons to the neighb'ring town,
'Twas night, and all secure the south'rons slept,
No dangers dreaded, and no watches kept.
Diverse the Scots to distant quarters go,
And, fierce, with shouts assail the drowsy foe;
Break splint'ring bars, and burst opposing doors,
And with red torrents, sudden, stain the floors.
The air around mix'd groans and clamours bears,
And mournful accents reach Lord Piercy's ears.
But safe in Turnb'ry-Fortress Piercy lay,
Nor durst approach or mingle in the fray.

Alone

Alone M'Dougal*, who betray'd before
 The Monarch's brothers to the south'ron pow'r ;
 An ancient traitor, 'scap'd by sudden flight,
 Unkown, and favour'd by the shades of night.
 Before the sun arose to gild the day,
 Drench'd in their gore three hundred south'rons lay.
 Next Turnb'ry-castle the bold monarch view'd ;
 But then impregnable the fortress stood.
 Two days Lord Piercy lurk'd within the walls,
 And on the third a faithful courier calls.
 Straight to Northumberland his orders sends,
 To warn his friends, and raise his native bands.
 Northumbrian pow'rs the courier soon alarms,
 And sudden shone a thousand men in arms.
 But Gaudifer de Lyle†, an ancient knight,
 Who knew the Scottish chiefs, and BRUCE's might ;
 Disswades his vassals from a march so far,
 Propounds the danger, and deters the war :
 The folly shows to seek in their own soil
 An host experienc'd, and inur'd to toil.

The

* *Alone M'Dougal, &c.* This was not M'Dougal of Lorn, whose engagement with the king we have describ'd before ; but one Duncan M'Dougal of Galloway, who had betray'd Thomas and Alexander Bruce, the king's brothers, to the English ; and this is all the notice my author takes of that action.

† *Gaudifer de Lyle, &c.* A French name, one of those who settled in England after the conquest. It is represented by the honourable 'Squire Lyle, a Gentleman of a considerable fortune in Northumberland to this day.

The troops, disheartn'd, wou'd have quit the shore,
 But hardy St. John animates the pow'r*.
 By him conducted, soon arrive the host,
 And guard Lord Piercy to his native coast.
 Secret they march'd. resolving not to fight,
 For now the south'ron fear'd the Monarch's might.

Meantime, secure, the Scots in Carrick lay,
 And all the region own'd their sov'reign's sway.
 The King at leisure view'd the country round,
 And mark'd the ruins of his native ground.
 As Phœbus once, declining to the sea,
 Glow'd on the margin of Hesperian day;
 Along the pleasing vales the Monarch stray'd,
 And Boyd and Douglas clos'd his royal side.
 Far on the lawns a warlike troop they spy'd,
 And at their head a nymph her charms display'd.
 Advanc'd the loyal fair with easy grace,
 The Monarch's cousin, of Clackmannan's race.
 Approaching, the bright dame and all her train
 Their Sov'reign hail, submissive, on the plain.
 Her name and bus'ness next the nymph exprest,
 The King, surpris'd, the loyal fair embrac'd.

To

* *Hardy St John, &c.* The ancestor of the late Viscount Bolingbroke.

† *The Monarch's cousin, &c.* This lady was of the house of Clackmannan, which family is still extant, and its honourable representative chief of the Bruces.

To serve their prince, she told, these warriors came,
The BRUCE accepts the aids, and thanks the gen-
'rous dame.

A band of forty kneeling on the shore,
A firm inviolable homage swore.

The King and chiefs dispose the list'd war,
And straight to Turnb'ry fort conduct the fair.
Glad was the Monarch, but his joy how short,
Soon as he heard the lady's sad report ?

His royal consort to the foe betray'd,
His brother, Athole, and brave Seton dead !
How did he mourn, how did the chiefs deplore
That Scene of fate to them unknown before !
The dame herself some comfort must afford
To soothe the leaders, and their doleful Lord.
Sometime she stay'd, - and her fond care express'd,
To lull the tumult in her lov'reign's breast :
At last departs; the chiefs in order came,
And homeward, grateful, guard the gen'rous dame.

B O O K III.

THE king o'er Carrick now extends his sway;
 Submit the chieftains, and the boors obey:
 Peaceful, and gently rules his native land,
 And ev'ry subject feels the soft command.
 But doughty Douglas, now a dreadful name,
 Fir'd with an high uncommon thirst of fame;
 Feels no delight, nor tastes his lab'ring breast
 The lazy charms of an inglorious rest.
 War's distant scenes still in his bosom roll,
 And future fields run crimson in his soul.
 Whilst thus his heart the glorious impulse feels,
 He meets his prince, and thus his thoughts reveals,
 " Now, gen'rous Sov'reign! have you gain'd your own,
 ' Th' auspicious prelude to your lineal crown :
 ' * But Clifford, still possesst of my domains,
 ' His lawless title to my right maintains.
 ' But here I vow by all th' immortal pow'rs,
 ' That tread you azure vault, and blisful bow'rs;
 ' He either shall resign my rightful 'state,
 ' Or one of us shall meet a sudden fate.

' Forth

* *But Clifford still possesst, &c.* Lord Clifford had got the grant of Douglas's lands from Edward I.

‘ Forth then, dread Sov’reign ! give me leave to go,
 ‘ Pursue my fortune, and attempt the foe.
 ‘ His arms and mine shall in the field be try’d,
 ‘ And fix the title to the conq’ring side.
 ‘ The chief may see your subject bravely die,
 ‘ But ne’er shall Clifford see the Douglas fly.”

The hero thus. But BRUCE whose cautious mind
 Events and means in just proportion join’d,
 Oppos’d the motion, and the chieftain told

“ The foe was num’rous, and the leader bold.
 ‘ I know thou dar’st; he said, but hast not pow’r
 ‘ To match yon captain on the doubtful shore.
 ‘ Weigh well the odds, and thy resolves delay,
 ‘ Till heav’n shall open a securer way ;
 ‘ Till we some farther our just right regain,
 ‘ Then may we try our fortune on the plain.”

Thus the wise Monarch. Douglas quick reply’d,
 “ Did all the pow’r of England guard his side,
 ‘ I’ll meet th’ usurper in th’ field of death,
 ‘ My right reconquer, or resign my breath.”
 “ Go then, said BRUCE, and blis’d him as he went,
 ‘ May heav’n, propitious, second thy intent.”

Now Douglas speeds him to his native land,
 And only two th’ advent’rous chief attend.
 Thro’ hills, and dales, and rugged rocks by day
 Painful he labours on his cautious way.
 By night some grove affords a mossy bed,
 And round him throws its hospitable shade.

Secret, at last, thro' paths untrod before,
Arrives the hero on his native shore.
'Twas night, and now from the laborious field
The swain retiring seeks his homely bield.
Sol's fiery chariot drench'd in ocean lies,
And stars began to spangle o'er the skies ;
When thro' the gloom the chief * a stead espy'd,
And a soft stream just murm'ring by its side.
Then from within a taper's twinkling light,
Pointed his doubtful passage thro' the night.
Bold Douglas, cautious, view'd the stead around,
And by the barn the honest farmer found ;
Who mark'd (his labours done) with curious eyes
The signs, and read the symptoms of the skies ;
Adjusting, by the stars, to-morrow's toil,
To thresh the grain, or vex the fallow soil.
Because the stars (as swains experienc'd say)
Are certain prophets of the future day.
Douglas the man approaching, softly calls,
" Friend, may three yeomen harbour in thy walls
' This night ? nor longer we resolve to stay,
' But with to-morrow's sun renew our way."
The lab'rer, unabash'd, enquires their name,
What their late journey meant, and whence they
came?

And,

* *A stead espy'd*, &c. A stead is a Scot word
for a country-farm or cottage.

And, feign'dly, satisfy'd in those requests,
 Straight to his homely parlour leads the guests.
 Now Douglas, seated in the household-chair,
 The rest promiscuous round the beamy fire,
 View'd his new host, nor view'd without surprise,
 And mark'd the sparkling vigour of his eyes.
 A lively bloom his manly face o'erspread,
 Tho' sixty winters had already shed
 Their snowy honours o'er his rev'rend head. }
 Just were his sentiments, his looks serene,
 And all the man express'd a more than vulgar mein.
 Nor was the loyal boor unknown to fame,
 True to his lord, and Dickson was his name.
 A jolly rustick, and in danger bold,
 Who long had serv'd the Douglas' fire of old.
 The board was loaded with a clean repast,
 And the kind host invites each hungry guest.
 Great Douglas, now conspicuous by the light,
 The farmer views, and wonders at the sight.
 His noble mein, and his erected face
 Undaunted, sheds around a dreadful grace.
 His brows, august, in fable arches rise,
 And glare, two living fires, his piercing eyes.
 Huge nervous limbs compos'd the hero's frame,
 His looks were terror, and his soul was flame !
 The lab'rer, curious, runs his visage o'er,
 And marks some features not unknown before.

Intent he gaz'd, impell'd by fond desire,
And in the son began to trace the fire.

By this the guests had finish'd their repast,
And sleep invites each weary swain to rest.

Douglas alone still with the farmer stay'd,
While to the chief the loyal Dickson said,

“ Pardon, my lord, perhaps an erring thought,
‘ Nor blame the man whose zeal may be his fault.
‘ Superior I o’er all his menial throng
‘ Your father serv’d, and think I saw you young.
‘ I shar’d my country’s troubles, nor has fame
‘ Ev’n blush’d to mention Thomas Dickson’s name.
‘ I know by south’ron pow’r my master gone;
‘ But hope I view the father in the son.”

He said, and tears run trickling from his eyes,
Whilst, half astonish’d, Douglas thus replies.

“ Faithful old man! how am I pleas’d to see
‘ My father’s friend and mine alive in thee?
‘ My good old father! dead in south’ron chains!
‘ And I excluded all his wide domains;
‘ While Clifford holds my heritage by might,
‘ And reigns a lawless tyrant o’er my right!
‘ Therefore I come (your ancient master’s son!)
‘ To try some method to regain my own.
‘ And here I vow by ev’ry sacred pow’r,
‘ That never shall I quit this native shore,
‘ Till Clifford or resigns without debate,
‘ Or one of us in battle meets his fate.

‘ Now

‘ Now (since the dubious means distract my choice)
‘ Prove your affection in your best advice.”

Thus spoke the chief; and Dickson soon reply’d,
“ To-morrow’s light some succours shall provide.
‘ My duty to your noble sire I own,
‘ Nor shall, ungrateful, e’er desert his son.”
This said, to bed the honest farmer goes,
And leaves the Douglas to his late repose.

Scarce had the orient dawn disclos’d the day,
When loyal Dickson speeds him on his way.
Thro’ Douglasdale his eager steps he bends,
And secret warns his master’s ancient friends.
Each man in private bids his arms prepare,
And singly to his farm by night repair.
The loyal swains to his desire accord,
And, one by one, haste to attend their lord.
Hardy in arms full forty rustics came,
And swore allegiance to brave Douglas’ name.
Round their young chief the joyful vassals stood,
Old borderers ! and long bred up to blood.
Douglas, meanwhile, embraces all his friends,
And, artful, their past services commends.
Now down in Dickson’s barn the council sat,
The largest room, and fittest for debate.
The question’s put—What should be first essay’d ?
The Douglas’ castle, all at once reply’d.

For

For if from Clifford we that fortress gain,
 We may with greater ease the future strife maintain;
 There south'rons hoard their stores, themselves secure,
 And safe within the walls defy our pow'r.
 Near to the castle, on th' adjoining plain
 Erected, stands * *Brigidia's* ancient † fane.
 Thither, next Sunday, south'rons bear their palms,
 There pay their vows, and distribute their alms.
 Then, let us each his private arms prepare,
 And to the temple one by one repair;
 There all at once, unwary as they stand,
 Boldly with swords assail the south'ron band.
 Assents the chief. Each homeward bends his way,
 And, unsuspected, waits th' appointed day.
 Appear'd the day. The hardy Scots attend
 At church, and south'rons from the fort descend.
 Just as the priest the sacred rites began,
 And all, promiscuous, crowding throng'd the fane;
 Dickson aloud, The noble Douglas, cry'd,
 Th' appointed signal to the Scottish side.
 ‡ The bord'ers at the word their weapons bare,
 And, fierce, before the choir commence the war.

The

* *Brigidia*. *Brigida*, or *Brigitta*, a holy woman to whom this church was consecrated. She was the instituter of an order of Nuns in the time of Pope Urban V. A. D. 1264.

† *Fane*, from the Latin *fanum*, a temple or church.

‡ *The bord'ers at the word, &c.* It was com-

The priest and people with the scene dismay'd,
 From 'midst the combatants confus'dly fled,
 Straight to the chancel's utmost sacred mound,
 And grasp'd th' inviolable altar round.

Meanwhile the south'rons in their arms appear,
 Rang'd in the choir, and bravely face the war.
 But Douglas, whirling round his flaming brand,
 Like thunder bursts upon the adverse band.
 In heaps on heaps the foe to ground he bore,
 And purple streams stray'd o'er the hallowed floor.
 His vassals almost interrupt the fight,

And gaze, astonish'd, at their leader's might ;
 Till hardy Dickson Douglas names again,
 Then all the Scots at once their force unrein,
 And strow the breathless corse round the fane. }
 Thence to th' adjoining castle march'd the pow'r,
 Warm as the were, and red with recent gore.
 Void, and defenceless 'gainst a hostile crowd,
 With gates disclos'd, at large the fortress stood.
 Ent'ring, the train a cook and porter met,
 Poor menials ! doom'd to share their master's fate.
 The porter, negligent, deserv'd the stroke,
 But where the trespass of the harmless cook ?

* Ev'n,

mon in those days to have a certain word whereby to animate the men when they began the battle, or at any time when they slackened, or began to weary and intermit. This word was commonly the name of the king or the captain who led them at that time, perhaps their country, or the cause for which they fought.

* Ev'n now had he prepar'd a sumptuous feast,
 His hapless labours doom'd—but just to taste.
 His well-dress'd victuals bloody Douglas gains,
 Eats up his hopes, and riots in his pains.
 The repast done, they search the castle o'er,
 Seize cloaths and arms, and pillage all the store;
 Trust what they can, then fire the house around,
 And the gay fortress level with the ground.
 To woods and wilds, in secret thro' the land,
 Repairs the chieftain, and his loyal band;
 By Dickson yet dissuaded to appear,
 Till fresh supplies shou'd reinforce their war.
 Inform'd now Clifford speeds o'er † Solway's shore,
 And thro' the dales, indignant, leads his pow'r.
 He came, he view'd his fort in ashes laid,
 His stores all rifled, and his servants dead.

Bold

* *Ev'n now had he prepar'd, &c.* My readers will please pardon the levity of this passage. I happened to be in a little gaiety of humour, and could not get by it. If it gives offence to the criticks as an indecorum in a serious performance, they may apply themselves to sacred or profane antiquity, and they will perhaps find the character and office of a cook not so despicable as is commonly imagined, else I had hardly meddled with this poor fellow at all.

† *Solway's shore.* Solway-frith divideth England from Scotland on the west border. It hath its denomination from an ancient people called Selgovi, who, in Ptolomey's time, dwelt near it, and were a tribe of the Brigantes.

Bold Douglas, author of the horrid scene,
 Vengeful he fought, but fought the chief in vain :
 Nor durst too far thro' woods and wilds pursue
 So brave a leader, and so bold a crew.
 Returning, soon his artizans he calls,
 Re builds the fort, and stronger rears the walls.
 Appoints the guards, and re-instates the land,
 And to keen Thirswall deputes the command.
 This done, to Solway reconducts his host,
 And quickly lands on England's fertile coast.

In Carrick still the noble Monarch lay,
 And o'er his own exerts his clement sway.
 The region whole a firm obedience shows,
 Asserts his claim, and aids the royal cause.
 Meantime great Pembroke from Edina's tow'rs,
 Assembles all around the south'ron pow'rs.
 Soon at the summons rendezvous the bands,
 And hardy Omphraville the troops commands.
 By Pembroke order'd to conduct the host
 Against the BRUCE, and Carrick's rebel-coast ;
 Sudden, the warlike chief in armour shines,
 And straight to Ayr advance th' embattl'd lines.
 Nor wou'd fly Omphraville pursue too far,
 Thro' fenns and fastnesses, the royal war.
 He knew his force superior, but he knew
 What the bold Monarch in the field cou'd do ;
 So judg'd it conduct to decline the fight,
 To act by treachery, and gain by flight.

A boor in Carrick, not unskill'd in arms,
And his two sons manur'd adjoining farms,
Robust, in enterprizes hardy found,
The terror of the neighbourhood around.
Upon the sire the BRUCE had oft rely'd,
And his firm faith in frequent danger try'd;
Firm unattempted—but too base to hold
Unstain'd, against th' infernal tempter gold.
Gold! of each virtue the undoubted test,
Dissolves in treason thro' the villain's breast.
As by degrees, in distant India's mines,
By luns, and central streams, the ore refines;
So in the soul the metal works by time,
Exalts to guilt, and ripens into crime.
Sly Omphraville a secret message sends
To the false boor; the boor the chief attends.
The treason in a moment is decreed,
And forty pound the price of BRUCE's head.
Back to his farm returns the felon-boor,
Informs his sons, and waits the treach'rous hour.
He knew the Monarch us'd each op'ning dawn,
To take the air along a scroggy lawn.
Thence o'er a mountain to a distant wood,
A page attending on his solitude.
Thither completely arm'd the rogues repair,
With swords, and spears, and implements of war.
Now, sudden, must the glorious Monarch bleed,
A traitor-friend the author of the deed!

Unseen

Unseen, unaided by his faithful bands,
 Must fall a victim to a villain's hands.
 But fate forbids ! and Ariel from on high,
 Swift as a thought, shoots down the nether-sky.
 Not half so quick the lightning's flashy glare
 Bursts on the night, and glances thro' the air.
 Fast by his charge, unseen, the guardian stands,
 Warms his brave heart, and fortifies his hands.
 And now the Monarch, thro' the gloomy dawn,
 Espies the traitors stretching o'er the lawn ;
 Feels in his breast a jealous impulse roll,
 And secret treason whisper'd in his soul :
 What arms the boy had brought in haste demands,
 A bow and single arrow charg'd his hands.
 He snatch'd, and as he bent the twanging yew,
 The trembling child assum'd a livid hue.
 Then to the string he fits the feather'd flane,
 And bids the page retire—for, *villains cross'd the*
 plain.

Approaching, now the three were just at hand,
 When, loud, the Monarch bids the villains stand,
 Nor dare the lawn one further step to tread,
 Or death attends the order disobey'd.
 The rustic fire continues to advance,
 And fawns, and seems surpris'd at his offence.
 Enquires submissive—still approaching near,
 The whizzing death swift cleaves the yielding air ;

Thro' the left orb of light it pierc'd the brain,
The traitor, reeling, backward press'd the plain.
The vengeful son fir'd at the father's fall,
Furious advanc'd the Monarch to assail.
Charg'd in his hand a large broad faulchion shone;
The King unsheath'd his sword, and met the clown.
With manly force, full aim'd, the shining blade
Down to the jaws divides the villain's head.
Ireful the third, advancing to the war,
Against his Prince protends a length of spear.
The Monarch bending shuns the coming foe,
And hews the lance asunder at a blow;
Then thro' his bowels drove the reeking brand,
Tumbles the rebel-carcase on the strand.
Now roll the traitors in the jaws of death,
And curse the treason with their parting breath.
Their souls, with horror fraught, forsake the light,
Flit, conscious, to the shades, and veil their forms in
night.
The scene completed, and the felons dead,
His vows to heav'n the grateful Monarch paid.
Then with his page, returning to his own,
Relates th' adventure of the distant lawn.
The chieftains hear the tale with vast surprise,
And blame their Monarch, while they thank the
skies.
form'd, fly Omphraville pursues his way,
Straight to Löchmaben where the warden lay.

Before

Before that chief runs o'er the recent scene,
 The treason baffled, and the traitors slain.
 Pembroke himself admires the Monarch's force,
 Tho' vex'd, and puzzled in his future course.

BRUCE rests a while; but soon a warlike host
 From Gall'way's shores advance to Carrick's coast.
 Two hundred men in battle broad array'd,
 The late escap'd M'Dougal at their head.
 His pow'r dispos'd in hamlets thro' the land,
 Scarce sixty warriors on the King attend.
 With these the BRUCE by night pursues his way,
 Where a great river wash'd a craggy bay.
 The royal watch had view'd the foe afar,
 And to their own declar'd the coming war.
 The crafty King in covert lodg'd his band,
 Himself alone adventur'd to the strand;
 Nor forward to engage in doubtful fight,
 He went, and view'd the foe by Cynthia's friendly
 light;

Full on the river's rocky margin stood,
 And saw the van on horseback take the flood:
 Then felt his soul with sudden ardour glow,
 To match alone with all the coming foe;
 The stream he saw in its deep channel glide,
 And rising rocks o'erhang the silent tide.
 Careful he search'd the rugged margin round,
 And from the bank but one strait passage found;

Where one at once on horseback, and no more,
Could just but labour up the steepy shore.
Fir'd by some power divine! the Monarch there
His sword unsheaths, and, singly, waits the war!
Advance the foes, and, join'd, the current break,
The chieftain first descries the narrow tract.
Cautious ascends, and, as he culls his way,
A man in arms espies upon the bay.
He mounts, and near had gain'd the rugged brow,
When daring BRUCE discharged a deadly blow.
Full on his casque descends the forceful stroke,
Backward the chieftain tumbles from the rock;
And checking, as he fell, th' untimely rein,
Recoil'd the steed on the succeeding train;
Hurl'd headlong downward from the craggy side,
Mix'd men and courfers flounder in the tide.
Some in the fall were bruis'd, and others slain,
Their fellows gaz'd astonish'd at the scene.
Now fir'd with rage all hasten to the fray,
And with loud shouts at once ascend the bay.
But in the pass see the bold Monarch stand,
And in the foremost courser plunge his brand.
Reels the gall'd courser back-upon the crowd,
And BRUCE's faulchion drinks the rider's blood.
Successful, he pursues the lucky blow,
And down the steep, confounded, drives the foe*.

Awful

* *And down the steep, confounded, &c.* I considered this action in all the lights I possibly could, before

Awful he thunders on the falling war,
 And steeds and riders tumble on the shore.
 Now mingled heaps on heaps, they choak the bay,
 The pass encumber, and block up the way.
 Amaz'd, the rear in wild confusion stood,
 Entangled in the margin of the flood.
 Swift down the steepy track the Monarch sped,
 And dauntless trod the ruins of the dead.
 Fierce on the river's brink, by Cynthia's light,
 With dreadful shouts commenc'd the doubtful fight.
 With awful force he rush'd upon his foes,
 Marr'd and encumber'd in the slimy ooze.
 Full fifteen warriors, by his single hand,
 Drench'd in their blood, lay gasping on the strand,
 Crush'd by his single might, the dastard pow'r
 Retire, infamous, to the farther shore;
 Bear their disgrace to Gall'ways distant coast;
 Returns the conqu'ring Monarch to his host.
 Still in the dales the hardy Douglas lay,
 And Thirswal still possess his native sway.

I 3

Long

I ventur'd to narrate it. It has indeed an air of improbability in it at first sight, and savours somewhat of romance. But if we look into the character of the person who managed it, a man of the utmost courage and conduct, join'd to an extraordinary strength of body, advantaged on this occasion by the circumstances of the time (it being night), and likewise by the narrowness and steepness of the place; all these put together, did, in my judgment, solve the probability, and induced me to the narration. But I leave the reader to his own opinion.

Long had he seen the haughty south'ron bands,
Reign uncontroll'd, and riot o'er his lands.
At last the chief his friends to council calls,
Where a small wood half join'd the castle-walls,
There they delib'rate to decoy the train,
And draw the haughty Thirswal to the plain.
Some herds (the country's spoils) at random fed,
Hard by the fort, along a shrubby mead.
These Douglas orders ten to drive away,
In ambush forty in the forest lay ;
Himself their head, Soon by the Ev'ning-dawn*,
Speedful, they drive the cattle from the lawn.
The watch espies the theft, and sudden calls:
Thirswal and his in arms descend the walls ;
Pursue the robb'ry o'er the op'ning glade,
And just had past the secret ambuscade ;
When Douglas rose, and all the private war
Rush'd to the plain, and charg'd the south'ron rear.
The blended shouts behind the van surprize,
And Thirswal wonders at the sudden noise.
Bright in his mail, the ireful chief returns,
And desp'rate on the field the combat burns.
The word was Clifford on the south'ron side,
A Douglas---- the bold borderers reply'd.

From

* *Soon by the Ev'ning dawn.* I wou'd not have our critics mistake this expression for an impropriety. If they question it, they may (amongst others) consult Dr Sewel's translation of that passage in Ovid, *traherunt cum sera crepuscula noctem.* The Dr is reckoned classical.

From plaitz of polish'd steel the streaming gore,
 In purple currents drench'd the braky shore.
 Full in the front the hardy Thirswal stands,
 His brave example animates his bands.
 He sees bold Douglas thunder thro' the fight,
 And forward rushes to oppose his might,
 Against the chief advanc'd his shining spear :
 The daring Douglas meets th' extended war ;
 Evites the stroke, the truncheon hews in twain,
 Glitters the steely fragment on the plain.
 A flaunting blow next aim'd; the trenching blade*,
 Fast by the collar, lopt the warrior's head.
 By this the ten, that drove the herd, appear,
 And with fresh vigour charge the south'ron rear.
 Thus prest on ev'ry side, the hostile train
 In mangled heaps lye scatter'd o'er the plain;
 A few by flight the neighb'ring fortress gain. }
 To the pursuing war the gates oppose,
 And bolts shut out the fury of the foes.
 Douglas returns, and sudden bends his way
 To Carrick's coast, where still the Monarch lay ;
 Since the late wond'rous act the loyal bands
 Increasing daily from the neighb'ring lands.
 Then all at once decamp the royal war,
 And to Glentrout's thick woody shades repair.

And

* *The trenching blade.* Trenching, an old word for cutting. Hence retrench, to take off, impair, or diminish.

And now from Carlisle on the south'ron coast,
Pembroke, and Vanes, and Clifford lead their host.
Swift to Glentroul the squadrons shape their way,
And fifteen hundred shields reflect the day.

Long had the BRUCE's stars, malignant, shed
Their direful influence o'er his royal head.

Long had he thro' a maze of dangers run,
His toils, successive, circling with the sun ;
Thro' woods and mountains, and deserted shores,
Pursu'd by faction, and by foreign pow'rs ;
Expos'd to want, to fears, and hostile snares,
And all the miseries of lawless wars.

But now the suff'rer feels the stars relent,
Their force exhausted, and their poison spent.
Each orb, benign, now shoots a milder ray,
And dawning glory rises on the day.

The heav'ns at last disclose th' immortal scenes,
Conquest, and laurels, and triumphant plains !
Bounteous the Monarch's patient toils reward,
And victory sits brooding on his sword.

Nor more he needs to weigh the dire debate*,
Doom'd to the palm, and conqueror by fate.

The

* *Nor more he needs to weigh, &c.* I hope this passage will not be excepted against, upon account of the King's future circumspection ; because his ignorance of such a determination made him still go on to act with his usual caution.

The pow'rs, by patience won, at last have shed
A blaze of future glories round his head.

Approach'd, the south'ron troops, and quickly
found

The Scots dispos'd along the higher ground.
Just where a woody mountain's rugged brow,
Threat'ning, o'erhung a steepy vale below.
The spies advanc'd to view the royal force,
And found that steep impassable to horse.
Soon they return, and to the leaders show
The ground, and strait encampment of the foe.
Then Pembroke — "Useless here our cavalry,
' And if we strive on foot to force our way,
' The Scots advantag'd by the craggy height,
' Shou'd mock our labour, and defeat our might.
' Long hath the BRUCE in martial arts been skill'd,
' And long yon legions harden'd to the field.
' Then let us, cautious, shun the bold debate,
' Act by surprize, and conquer by deceit.
' Poorly array'd, a woman first shall go,
' And, unsuspected, shall decoy the foe ;
' Slyly expose the weakness of our train,
' And draw the Scots, incautious, to the plain.
' Meantime our troops, unseen, from yonder wood,
' Shall secretly surround the hostile crowd."

The chiefs approve. The woman takes her way,
A staff supports her up the rugged bay.

Straight

Straight to the King the beggar-traitress came,
 And ask'd an alms in good St Andrew's name ;
 * So might that saint still shield him from all harms,
 And grant due success to his righteous arms.
 Not far encamp'd, she told, on level ground
 Sir Aylmer lay, below the craggy mound.
 But his raw troops, undisciplin'd appear,
 Green to the field and novices in war.
 Wou'd he descend, soon might he rout the foe,
 Look them to flight, and gain without a blow.
 Full on her face the Monarch fix'd his eye,
 And gaz'd, suspicious, on the beggar-spy.
 His yeomen calls,— out springs a nimble band,
 And sudden seize the mendicant in hand.
 Afraid of death, the trembling traitress kneels,
 Her crime confesses, and the truth reveals :
 Informs the King the south'rons were at hand,
 And Pembroke, Vanes, and Clifford led the band.
 The Monarch heard, and soon the war array'd,
 And his broad banner in the field display'd.
 Wedg'd in close ranks the firm battalions stood,
 And now the foe advances from the wood.

A

* *So might that saint, &c.* I design'd to have put
 this short address in the wife's own language, as I
 have begun it in those two lines ; but am so afraid
 of the cavils of little wits, and the effects they may
 have on ordinary readers to my prejudice, that all I
 dare do, is to show I thought it most natural it shou'd
 have been so.

A bow already bent the Monarch drew,
 Whizz'd the swift arrow from the twanging yew.
 Quite thro' the foremost's gullet glanc'd the flane,
 The wounded warrior, falling, bites the plain.
 Fierce on the ranks the hardy Edward goes,
 And Hay and Douglas pour upon their foes.
 With their bold chiefs advanc'd th' inferior war,
 And to the ground the south'ron vanguard bore.
 Succeeding lines, disheartened with the sight,
 Back thro' the wood precipitate their flight.
 The haughty chiefs, asham'd at the defeat,
 Industrious haste to stop the foul retreat:
 Now threaten, now exhort the coward train,
 But still they threaten and exhort in vain.
 The hardy Scots th' astonish'd foe pursu'd,
 And heaps of death lay scatter'd thro' the wood.
 The south'ron rear beheld the routed van,
 And down the rocks in wild disorder ran.
 The gen'ral fled, confounded and asham'd,
 And every chief his fellow leader blam'd.
 'Twixt Vanes and Clifford high the quarrel rose,
 And words began to terminate in blows.
 Divided bands espouse their chief's debate,
 And south'ron lances south'ron lances threat.
 But Pembroke's interposing pow'r prevails,
 And quick the dang'rous civil diff'rence quells.

Thus BRUCE with twice two hundred in his train,
 Drove fifteen hundred south'rons from the plain;

No

No longer now his royal pow'r conceals,
In woods, and invious hills, and barren vales;
No more can brook the tedious slow debate,
Nor the dull tenor of his lazy fate:
But feels his bosom with new ardors glow,
To risk his future fortunes at a blow.
The chiefs he calls, and all the loyal bands,
Mounts at their head, and to the plain descends.
Thro' ev'ry honest breast what raptures ran,
Soon as the Monarch glitter'd in the van;
With tears of joy the loyal troops beheld
Their Prince undaunted take the open field;
In caves and woody coverts lurk no more,
On bleak mountains, and a barren shore;
But to the plains descend in bold array,
The gilded lions waving in the day.
A thousand warlike Scots of ancient race,
In steady ranks around the banner blaze;
Thro' Kyle and Cunningham direct their way:
The loyal regions own their sov'reign's sway.
To Bothwel where great Pembroke rul'd his host,
Soon spreads the news of Kyle's revolted coast.
Incens'd, that chief his rendezvous ordains,
In arms a thousand glitter on the plains.
To Coila's shore advance the embattl'd lines,
And at their head the hardy Moubray shines.
But Douglas' spies abroad had timely view'd
The swift approaches of the hostile crowd;

Then.

Then sudden to the royal camp repair,
 And to their chief narrate the coming war.
 'Twas night, when Douglas call'd his proper band,
 And sixty spears gleam'd o'er the dusky strand.
 To Elderfoord he shapes his private way,
 Where a strait pass 'twixt two morasses lay.
 Thither he saw the foe must bend their course,
 And knew that pass impervious to horse;
 A narrow, broken track of rugged ground,
 With fenns, and briers, and brambles hedg'd around.
 There all the night the Scots in ambush lay.
 And soon as Phœbus rose to gild the day,
 In order rang'd, approach'd the south'ron war,
 Their gilded ensigns glitt'ring in the air.
 The Scots still lurk'd unseen, till all the pow'r,
 Their steeds dismounting, throng'd the narrow shore.
 Then all at once the hardy ambush rose,
 And, shouting, fierce assail'd th'incumber'd foes;
 With steely lances gor'd th'astonish'd van,
 And men and courfers tumbled in the fen.
 So strait the pass, so deep those fens below,
 So fierce th'assault, and so amaz'd the foe!
 That Moubray ev'n with tears beheld his band
 Without resentment butcher'd on the strand.
 The muddy ooze stood stagnated with gore,
 And mangled steeds and warriors choak'd the shore.
 The dire disaster of the slaughter'd van,
 Back to the rear in doubl'd terrors ran.

Where hopes or fears direct their doubtful way,
Diverse they fled, astonish'd at the day.
The chief deserted views the routed war,
The murder'd vanguard, and the flying rear.
Griev'd, and inflam'd at the disastrous fight,
Unreins his steed, and rushes thro' the fight.
Charg'd in his hand a lance he bore on high,
A steely faulchion glitter'd at his thigh.
Onward he drove, and as he scour'd the strand
A Scottish warrior seiz'd his shining brand ;
Grasp'd the strong belt, and strove, but strove in vain
To stop the gallant Moubray on the plain.
Furious he rush'd, and in the warrior's hand
The bursting belt he left, and shining brand.
Thus having 'scap'd the danger of the day,
First to Kilmarnock he directs his way ;
Thence thro' Kilwinning and the Largs he goes,
Till Inverkip, at last, affords a late repose.
A south'ron garrison that fortress held,
To these the chief narrates the hapless field ;
His troops all helpless butcher'd in his fight,
By Scottish treachery and Douglas' might.

In Bothwell still the warden held his seat.
Vex'd at the news of Moubray's foul defeat,
Rage in his breast, and grief, alternate, roll
And sudden thirst of vengeance fires his soul :
Soon to the BRUCE a trusty herald sends.
The herald, careful, bears his lord's commands.

The purport thus—Against a certain date,
 If BRUCE wou'd venture on the stern debate ;
 His fly attempts, and stratagems refrain,
 And nobly dare to risk the gen'rous plain ;
 Then shou'd the hero fix his future fame,
 Alive renown'd, or dead a glorious name.
 Arriv'd the herauld, and his charge reveal'd,
 The dauntless King accepts the proffer'd field.
 'Twixt Gaston heath, where lay the royal pow'r,
 And Loudoun hill, upon the mossy shore ;
 There was the ground determin'd ; and the day
 Fix'd to the first approaching tenth of May.
 Returns the messenger with speedy care,
 And to the chief narrates th' accepted war ;
 The time prefix'd, and the determin'd ground :
 And now to arms the south'ron trumpets sound.
 To Bothwell, where the rendezvous was made,
 Conveen the legions for the war array'd.
 Three thousand whole, adorn'd in martial pride,
 Bred to the field, and oft in battle try'd.
 The chief confided in these daring bands,
 Secure of conquest from such valiant hands.

Meantime the King, by prudence ever rul'd,
 Cautious in warmth, and rationally bold ;
 Whose courage no fermented spirits fir'd,
 No rising tumult of the blood inspir'd ;
 Where sudden gusts of passion, furious, roll,
 And rage, ungovern'd, supersedes the soul !

But led by schemes from due reflection brought,
By solid plans, and consequence of thought ;
Each circumstance with circumstance still weighs,
And all the series of the action sees ;
Then dauntless in the field his force unreins,
Combats from reason, and by reason gains.

Thus, on the ninth, while shades involved the
night,

Secret he went, and view'd the field of fight.
He found the beachy plain lay stretch'd too wide,
But hemm'd with marishes on either side.
Fear'd lest the foe shou'd, on that length of ground,
Outwing his numbers, and his troup's surround.
Three ramparts therefore from each bord'ring fen,
Of hurdles rear'd, he drew a cross the plain.
Nor did these ramparts at the center close,
But op'ning breaches so receiv'd the foes,
As equal force might equal force oppose.
This done, back to his host he bends his way,
Prepares the war, and waits th' approaching day.

Arose the day, and Phœbus from the deep
His blazing care drives up the orient steep.
From Bothwell's plain approach the south'ron lines,
And pompous in the van proud Pembroke shines.
The van, on barbed steeds, that chief around,
Rode sheath'd in mail, with clasping silver bound.
Next these, with lances arm'd, and bossy shields,
Advanc'd the second battle o'er the fields.

Their

Their gilded banners high in air display'd,
 And Omphraville and Clifford at their head.
 The noble BRUCE perceiv'd them from afar,
 And at the second rampart rang'd his war.
 Seven hundred Scots in native armour shone,
 And spears and axes glitter'd in the sun.
 The gen'rous King full in the center stood,
 And on his right the fiery Edward rode.
 The Left, to battle rang'd in firm array,
 Were led by doughty Douglas to the day.
 Three hundred waggoners, ignoble croud,
 Upon the hill, retir'd, at distance stood.
 Approach'd the foe. The Monarch gives the sign,
 And rushing pow'rs in furious combat join.
 From either host promiscuous shouts arise,
 Ring thro' the hills, and thicken up the skies.
 With spears protended, and opposing shields,
 Together, dreadful, rush the adverse fields.
 Refounds the crash of lances thro' the air,
 And roars, transfix'd with wounds, the dying war.
 The lances broke, unsheath'd by eager hands,
 Thro' all the ranks thick flame the glitt'ring brands.
 The noble Pembroke animates his train,
 Inspires the combat, and supports the plain.
 ' You have I chose, he said, to guard my fame,
 ' On you alone depends your Pembroke's name'.
 Meantime the BRUCE in ev'ry rank appears,
 Aids ev'ry scene, and ev'ry danger shares.

Each single warrior by his name he calls,
Commends his worth, and ev'ry blow extols.
Thro' all the field he sheds a father's care,
Each soldier's bosom warms, and cheers the war.
' 'Tis yours, my friends, he said, this day to show
' If I must rule you, or yon foreign foe.
' Lodg'd in your hands is all your BRUCE's fate,
' By you he's wretched, or by you he's great.
' In you your country's latest hope remains,
' Her ancient freedom, or her future chains".
He spoke, and bursted on the hostile bands,
Unquestion'd death in ev'ry blow descends.
Ev'n Edward wonders at his brother's might,
And onward rushes to support the fight.
Clifford and Omphraville exert their pow'r,
Thick burns the combat round th' ensanguin'd shore.
Here daring Douglas, and the gallant Hay,
There subtle, Boyd resistless urge their way.
The crimson torrents roll along the strand,
And heaps of warriors, dying, spurn the sand.
The King the vanguard broke, and all around
Widens the spreading ruin o'er the ground.
Next Edward ravages the bloody coast,
And breaks, and drives, and scatters Clifford's host.
The south'ron rear beholds the van defeat,
And spite of threats and promises retreat.
In vain great Pembroke, long in battle skill'd,
Us'd all his conduct to sustain the field.

Vain

Vain were his flatt'ries, his reproaches vain,
The Grampian legions thunder thro' the plain.
As when some storm, long hung in bellying clouds,
Bursts from their hollow womb, and sweeps the
woods,

The roaring tempest in its rage descends,
This way and that the cracking forest beeps;
Nor able to oppose its dreadful course,
Yields to the blast, and falls beneath its force;
So yield, o'erpower'd at length, the hostile lines,
And all the wav'ring field at once inclines.
The Scots to death a thousand warriors bore,
Bold troops! the pride of all the south'ron pow'r.
The rest amaz'd, and daunted at the sight,
From the dire field precipitate their flight.
Homward great Pembroke, from the Scottish coast,
Retires, indignant, and resigns his trust.
The chieftains fled along, and all the band,
Dispers'd, at once desert the hostile land.
The provinces to BRUCE their homage pay,
And all the west, obedient, owns his sway.

The west reduc'd, with banners broad display'd,
The Monarch to the north his squadrons led.
His hardy brother, and the gallant Hay,
Lennox and Boyd attend him on his way.
Meantime bold Douglas with his trusty friends,
Private, to Douglassdale his passage bends;

Reduc'd

Reduc'd his fortress, and his native lands,
And Etrick whole rescu'd from south'ron hands.
Randolf, and Stewart, who had, since Methven's
plain,
Renounc'd their faith, and served the hostile train;
Both pris'ners of war the Douglas made,
And to the King the kindred-captives led.
Meantime the King still northward march'd his host,
But on the mountains sicken'd as he past.
Of this inform'd, Buchania's rebel Thane
Near Inverury rendezvouz'd his train.
Fix'd on revenge, his treach'rous uncle dead,
Full fifteen hundred to the field he led,
Brechin, Himself, and Moubray at their head. }
Of their approach the Monarch quickly hears,
Tho' unrecover'd, for the fight prepares.
Straight he commands a troop to guard him round,
And bear him in a litter to the ground.
His brother orders in the van to ride,
And Hay, and Boyd, and Lennox by his side.
These, secret, bids direct him in the fray,
Check his fierce heat, and guide him thro' the day.
Pleas'd with his orders Edward quickly shines
Before the van, and onward leads the lines.
In arms seven hundred hasten to the plain,
The bold array soon shook the coward thane;
Nor daring to endure the warlike fight,
The rebel squadrons meditate their flight.

The king that instant felt his illness gone,
And, mounting, sudden in the center shone.
His friends, astonish'd, rend with shouts the air,
Inglorious fled at once the rebel war.

* Cuming and Moubray haste, to shun their death,
To suoth'ron shores, but there resign their breath.
Brechin to his own castle bends his flight,
And, there besieg'd, soon owns the BRUCE's right.
The Monarch rode thro' all the northern land,
The north at once acknowledg'd his command.
To Angus thence returning, rests a while,
Then Forfar's fortress levels with the soil.
To Tay advancing next, the royal pow'rs
With hardy force assaulted Bertha's tow'rs.
Their ladders rear'd, the Monarch foremost scales,
And all the legions sudden mount the walls ;
The tow'rs demolish, and the works around,
The scatter'd ruins smoke along the ground.
All these reduc'd, straight with a select band,
Edward advanc'd to Gall'way's rugged strand ;
St John, and Omphraville in arms well skill'd,
Twice there defeat, and drove them from the field ;
Victorious over all the region past,
And to his brother's sway reduc'd the coast.

Douglas

* *Cuming and Moubray, &c.* This was one Sir John Moubray, not that person we mentioned before, and who held Stirling castle, as we shall hear by and bye, whose name was Sir Philip Moubray, a man far superior to the other.

Douglas now master of his native land,
Straight to the Monarch reconducts his band ;
Makes Stuart and Randolph in his journey share,
And to the king presents the rebel-pair.
Soon Stuart, submissive, own'd his forc'd offence,
And had his crime forgiv'n on penitence.
But Randolph, obstinate, the King ordains
To stricter durance, only free from chains ;
Till friends, and his repentance interpos'd,
Obtain'd his pardon, and the captive loos'd.
Brave Randolph! first amongst the loyal train,
Created Lord of Murray's fertile plain.

The royal host, again led forth to war,
In arms to Lorn (rebellious clime) repair.
That chief the royal cause had long distressed,
O'er run and ruin'd half the loyal west.
With rage the Monarch feels his bosom glow,
And, fraught with vengeance, hastens to the foe.
Appris'd, bold Lorn conveens his trait'rous pow'r,
Two thousand targes glitter on the shore:
Hard by the sea, where a rough mountain's brow
Slop'd by degrees, and touch'd a stream below.
Deputed leaders the fierce war array,
Himself embark'd beheld them from the sea.
For Lorn, now dreading hardy BRUCE's might,
Had mann'd his gallies to secure his flight.
By spies ascertain'd of the rebels post,
The wary Monarch soon divides his host.

Douglas

Douglas he orders with the archer-lines,
And Gray and Frazer to that leader joins,
Unseen by any foe, their rout to keep,
And fetch a compass round the rugged steep;
Soon as they heard himself begin th' attack,
Then, unawares, to charge the rebels back.
Douglas obeys. The Monarch takes his way,
And, foremost, boldly mounts the craggy bay.
Advance the foe, and from the mountain pour
Vast heaps of tumbling stones, a rocky show'r.
In vain. The King still presses to the war:
By that stern Douglas thunders on the rear.
The vanguard in close fight the Monarch join'd,
And the fierce archers gall'd them from behind.
Th' environ'd rebels desp'rate in the fight,
Exert the utmost rage of savage might.
Vain rage! behind in feather'd tempests flew
The whizzing flanes, and wide destruction drew.
The hardy King the ruin spreads before,
In heaps the dead and dying croud the shore.
A few escap'd, but met the fate they shun'd,
Amidst th' adjoining stream's deep eddies drown'd.
M'Dougal's self swift launching to the main,
Plows to some distant coast the wat'ry plain.
Submits Argyle at last to BRUCE's sway,
And all the tribes their due obedience pay.

Now

Now from the heights descend the loyal pow'rs,
 And spread their conquests o'er the champaign shores.
 Linlithgow's tower by Binny's means they gain,
 And the strong bulwark level with the plain.
 To Perth the Monarch march'd, and Randolph rais'd
 To favour now, and high with titles grac'd ;
 * To the wing'd camp advanc'd by Forth's coast.
 And near † the Maiden-fortress lodg'd his host.
 The Maiden fortress still the south'rons keep,
 And Randolph boldly storms the rocky steep.
 In vain. Impregnable the castle stands,
 And mocks the labours of the loyal bands.
 Frances at last a secret passage found,
 And led the chieftain up the craggy mound.
 First Frances mounts by night, the legions scale,
 And drive the watches headlong o'er the wall.
 Arose the gaurds, and quick commence the war,
 The hardy Scots their sudden weapons bare ;
 Fierce on the foe the hardy Randolph flew,
 And at a stroke the South'ron captain slew.
 The doughty legions seconded their head,
 And all the guards along the works lay dead.

Bold

* *To the wing'd camp.* The *castra alata*, or wing'd Camp, an old appellation of the city of Edinburgh.

† *The Maiden fortress.* The castle of Edinburgh ; a passage was discovered to it up the rock, by one William Frances.

Bold Randolf thus Edina's fort possess,
 And, long fatigu'd, indulg'd his grateful rest.
 Meantime the Douglas, on the border dales,
 Roxburgh's strong tow'rs by craft nocturnal scales.
 Unseen the warriors climb the steepy mound,
 And all the fortress scatter o'er the ground.
 All Teviotdale by force the chief o'er-runs,
 The land reduc'd its rightful sov'reign owns.
 By this fierce Edward on th' Allestian shore,
 Had quickly rendezvous'd his select war;
 Into the town his hardy legions pours,
 And soon in ruins lays the ancient tow'rs.
 Without delay from thence to Stirling's coast,
 Boldly advances the victorious host.
 Around the walls dispos'd, the hardy train,
 Assault with fury, but assault in vain.

* That seat the gallant Moubray boldly held,
 Wife at the board, and daring in the field.
 Edward impatient of the tedious hours,
 And Moubray dreading his decaying stores;
 Both to a mutual interview advance,
 And artful Moubray thus propounds his sense.

" My lord, you've prov'd and found the fortress
 strong,

' The siege expensive, and the labour long.

L

' Cou'd

* *That seat the gallant Moubray, &c.* This was the brave Sir Philip Moubray, at this time in the English interest, but, after the battle of Bannockburn, he became loyal to King Robert.

' Cou'd you accept a truce for certain days,
 ' Throughout which time hostilities may cease ;
 ' Then I, assisted by the south'ron might,
 ' Shall fairly meet your troops in equal fight.
 ' But if I'm still unsuccour'd by these pow'rs,
 ' Then at the day the fortrefs shall be yours."

Edward, unseen in politick designs,
 Accepts the terms, and the fly treaty signs,
 And from the leaguer'd walls draws off the Scot-
 tish lines.

To fair Augusta Moubay speeds his way,
 The haughty seat of * great Caernarvon's sway.
 There the bold chief, before the south'ron states,
 Propones the treaty, and the terms relates.
 The king and peers applaud the leader's sense,
 Commend the truce, and jest the Scottish prince.

Meantime to Perth, where his wise brother lay,
 Good undesigning Edward shapes his way :
 Joyful, relates each various action done,
 The treaty sign'd, and hardy Moubay gone.
 The Monarch heard the terms with vast surprize,
 And on his thoughtless brother fix'd his eyes.

Then thus. " Fond man ! which shall I first regret,
 ' A brother's folly, or a country's fate ?

' Harafs'd

* *Great Caernarvon's*, &c. Edward II. of England, was always call'd Edward of Caernarvon, a place in Wales where he was born.

' Harass'd with toil, with dangers press'd before,
 ' Hast thou not learn'd to know yon Monarch's
 pow'r ?
 ' Yon Monarch ! whom no neighbouring states with-
 stand,
 ' Sole heir of all his father's large command.
 ' Whose sway not Britain's shores alone restrain,
 ' Wide stretch his conquests o'er the distant main,
 ' His tyranny, not * Cambria feels alone,
 ' Or in his bonds † Hibernian vallies groan.
 ' Great part of France and Flanders owns his claim,
 ' And Europe trembles at his mighty name.
 ' Drawn from those climes, what swarms shall croud
 our shore ?
 ' How vast th' assemblage ! How array'd the pow'r !
 ' Their numbers shall our utmost thoughts beguile,
 ' Extend o'er shires, and darken half the isle !
 ' The rebel Scots besides, ‡ a potent line,
 ' In arms already, shall their standards join.
 ' Then what are we, how small our native lands ?
 ' How weak our force, how thin our loyal bands ?
 ' See our dispeopled plains, our barren soil,
 ' To faction long expos'd, and foreign spoil.
 ' Consider this, and view the treaty made,
 ' And all our hopes in that one treaty dead.

L 2

' By

* *Cambria*, &c. Wales. † *Hibernia*, Ireland.

‡ *A potent line*, &c. The whole race of the Cumings, and their allies.

‘ By cautious steps we hop’d our right to gain,
‘ But rashly, thou hast render’d caution vain.
‘ Disarm’d, and bound by truce so long a date,
‘ Secures the tyrant, and compleats our fate.
‘ Long have we vainly spent our tedious hours,
‘ ‘Midst hoary mountains, and deserted shores;
‘ ‘Midst cold, and heat, and hunger’s pinching pain,
‘ Long have we toil’d, but long have toil’d in vain,
‘ In anxious thoughts have past the wakeful night,
‘ And, girt with foes, consum’d the dang’rous light.
‘ By suff’ring, partly we regain’d our sway,
‘ And, Fabius-like, we conquered by delay.
‘ In one rash word now all our labour’s gone,
‘ Our hopes extinguish’d, and ourselves undone.
‘ Say, brother ! Whence shall we our troops prepare,
‘ Where is our force to meet yon dreadful war ?”
He spoke, disdainful — Edward, fierce, replies;
‘ By all the pow’rs that tread yon spangled skies;
‘ Let isles united with the distant land,
‘ And Europe pour her millions on our strand;
‘ Resolv’d, I’ll dauntless face the dread array,
‘ And meet the glorious terrors of the day.
‘ I love the gen’rous treaty, and in vain
‘ Shou’d crowns and scepters bribe me from the
plain.
‘ Scotland may see me fall, but never yield,
‘ Or fly, a coward, from so brave a field.”

The

The Monarch smil'd. His dauntless soul he knew,
And what he dar'd to say, he dar'd to do.

The noble warrior in his arms' he prest,
And all the brother kindled in his breast.

Then thus. " So may just heaven our counsels aid,

' As I shall sacred keep what thou hast said.

' Haste then, bid all our loyal friends prepare

' To join our standard 'gainst the day of war.

' The day ! when each pretension shall be try'd,

' And heaven determine on the juster side."

Meanwhile Caernarvon mounts his royal seat,

The peers around in splendid order wait.

Thence to the chiefs he issues his commands,

To raise his pow'rs, and muster all his bands.

Near Berwick's walls, on Tweda's fertile plains,

The royal writ the rendezvous ordains.

The warlike chiefs in sudden armour shone,

And round dispatch'd the mandate of the throne.

Straight ring the south'ron shores with loud alarms,

And drums and trumpets, mingled, sound to arms.

Sing, muse, from various climes th' assembled throng,

And fit these names, and numbers to the song.

Where Wye's smooth stream, and Severn's fiercer
tide,

Thro' Cambrian dales in wild meander's glide ;

Where British billows pent, indignant roar,

And, furious, lash old Cornwall's chalky shore ;

Rose thirty thousand, in strange arms array'd,
And hardy Monmouth glitter'd at their head.

* Where Thame and Isis roll their royal waves,
And the mixt current princely structures laves ;
Where flows the Ouze, and † Trent divides the
land,

(Both lost in Humber's more capacious strand),
Arose the mighty ‡ Trinobantian host,
And fifty thousand cloud the darken'd coast.
The moving bands the neighbouring vales o'erspread,
By Arundel, and gallant Oxford led.

From Humber's stream, whose tumbling waves
resound,
And deafen all th' adjoining coast around ;
To where the Tweed in softer windings flows,
Full fifty thousand quiver'd warriors rose.

A

* *Where Thame and Isis, &c.* The river Thames, upon which London is situated, the greatest in England. It has its name from Thame, which rises in Buckinghamshire; and Isis, which rises in the borders of Gloucester, near the confines of Wiltshire. They have their confluence at Dorchester, and, from thence running in one united stream, fall into the German ocean, thirty miles below London.

† *Trent divides, &c.* The river Trent is reckoned to divide England into two equal parts, north and south. It rises in Staffordshire, passeth through Derbyshire, Leicestershire, &c. and, below Burton in Lincolnshire, falleth into the Humber.

‡ *Trinobantian host.* Trinobantes were the people of Essex, Middlesex, and all about London,

A hardy race, who, well experienc'd, knew
 To fit the shaft, and twang the bended yew.
 Bred up to danger, and inur'd to dare
 In distant fight, and aim the feather'd war.
 These bands their country's highest triumphs boast :
 And Gloucester and Hertford led the host.

Advance the factious Scots, a rebel-line,
 And to the foe their impious levies join.
 Five times five thousand, by experience skill'd
 To mix in closer combat on the field,
 Led by great Omphraville, well known to fame ;
 And bold Corispatrik, a redoubted name.

Next to the Scots approach th' Hibernian pow'rs,
 From hoary mountains, and from fenny shores ;
 Three times ten thousand strong, a nervous race,
 Bred to wild game, and nimble in the chase.
 Before these troops, Fitzgerald's haughty son,
 The brave O'Neil, and hardy Desmont shone.

From Gallia now, and Belgium's distant coast,
 In arms assembled, moves the foreign host.
 Twice twenty thousand whole, a warlike train,
 In sixty gallies plow the wat'ry plain.
 Nor does the muse the leaders names rehearse,
 Nor stand those names so smooth in British verse.
 Albion's white cliffs soon gain the foreign sails,
 And pour their legions on Northumbrian vales.

Now

Now with the King from fair Augusta's* towers,
Proceeds the court to Berwick's crouded shores.
The awful King ! in gold and gems array'd,
The vast, the wond'rous rendezvous survey'd ;
His thick batalions views extended far,
And glories in the lengthen'd pomp of war.
The various climes in various armour shine,
And distant nations wonder as they join.
Review'd, wide o'er the fields encamp the pow'rs,
Repairs the shining court to Berwick's tow'rs.

Near Stirling's walls where Forth's large billows
play,
The noble BRUCE with twice two hundred lay ;
From whence around his royal writ he sends,
To warn the chiefs, and summon all his friends.
Meantime he view'd the ground, and mark'd a plain,
Th' indented muster of the loyal train.
Before that plain, a league extended, lay
A green sward marish, on a flaunting bay.
The King, well seen in all events of war,
The muddy fen surveys with cautious care.
His troops he calls, and digs a spear length deep,
The level marish, from the slooping steep :

Then

* *Augusta*. The name the modern English give to London,

Then plants with sharpen'd piles the tract around,
And close with hurdles covers o'er the ground;
Untouch'd the plain appear'd, and all the hollow
found.

Behind those fens the King resolv'd to stand,
And there the haughty foe's first charge attend.
The Scottish peasants from the champaign shore,
Up to the mountains led their household store;
The plains of herds and victual dispossess,
And left the country one abandon'd waste.

Now rings th' alarm along the northern coasts,
And rush to war the Caledonian hosts.
From Skye, Pomona's isles, and Caithness' strand,
Three thousand targets glitter o'er the land.
The Skye and Orkneys their own chieftains head,
And Caithness' troops the gallant Sinclair led.
Strathnaver, Sutherland in arms appear,
And the bold Rossians issue to the war.
The brave M'Donalds and M'Kenzies join,
Frasers, and Grants, and the Clan-chattan line;
That stretch, dispers'd, along th' Hebridian shores*,
Monroes, M'Leans, M'Kays, and all the pow'rs.
These hardy troops in Scythian arms array'd,
Distinct in tribes, their proper chiefs obey'd.

Conveea

* *Hebridian shores.* The Hebrides are a vast cluster of islands, lying on the north-west and west of Scotland, scatter'd up and down the Deucaledonian sea.

Conveen the band on Rossia's spacious bay,
 And twice three thousand bucklers gild the day.
 From Murray's shores advance a thousand spears,
 And daring Randolf at their head appears.

East on Tæzalia's coast*, there lies a plain,
 Blest with rich pasture, and luxuriant grain;
 Much fam'd for cattle, much for woolly store,
 But for its hospitable people more.
 On its smooth margin German billows play,
 And pour their finny millions in each bay.
 This region, 'spite of the false Thane's commands†,
 Rais'd and maintain'd at its own charges, sends
 A thousand warriors to the royal aid,
 By bold Philorth, and brave Pitfligo led.

And now in arms the noble Gordon shines,
 And Enzie's squadrons to Strathbogy joins.
 Abria's keen axes in the center glare‡,
 And Badenoch gleams horrid in the rear.

Next, hardy Forbes, and the gallant Mar,
 On Don's fair borders rendezvous the war.
 Forbes! in Scotia's annals long renown'd,
 And oft of old with loyal laurels crown'd.

Horestia's

* *Tæzalia*. The countries of Mar, Buchan, and all about Aberdeen; Buchan is only meant here.

† *The false Thane*, &c. Cuming Earl of Buchan.

‡ *Abria*. The country of Lochaber.

Horestia's plains a thousand warriors yield*,
 And Godlike Marshal leads them to the field.
 Thrice noble chief! I feel my spirits roll,
 And all the hero rushes to my soul.
 Where shall the muse commence thy deathful fame?
 From what immortal æra trace thy name?
 She saw thy fire of old, on Barry's shore,
 When rapid Lochty groan'd with Cimbrian gore.
 She saw him 'midst surrounding ruins stand,
 When hardy Camus bit the bloody strand.
 When from the field he bore the regal spoils,
 Proud prize! the badge of his triumphant toils.
 Oft wou'd the muse have sung the godlike line,
 But the bold task still check'd the just design.
 Fond she set out, but felt the theme too strong,
 Too high the labour, and too vast the song!
 Nor needful-- For, what genius ever sings
 Of Scotia's Heroes, and her ancient Kings;
 Let their fam'd deeds but once the muse engage,
 And still some Keith shall glitter in the page.

Next, where the Esk a double current pours,
 And laves Æneia's ever loyal shores;
 Two thousand lances gleam along the strand,
 Strathmore, Southesk, and Airly led the band.
 Airly, renown'd for ancient honours gain'd,
 When Gilchrist conquer'd, and a William reign'd.
Kinnaird

† *Horestia*. The shire of Mearns.

Kinnaird and Falconer their legions call,
The brave Dundee*, and ever faithful Maule.

Adjoining near, a fruitful region lies†,
The darling care of more indulgent skies;
Whose sunny mountains, and luxuriant vales,
Are fann'd by friendly zephyr's softer gales;
Where the rich year in vast profusion reigns,
Riots in groves, and revels on the plains:
Thence came a thousand in bright mail array'd,
Glitter'd the mighty Arrol at their head.
Full of his fires, the hero took the field,
Display'd, the yoke glar'd in his bloody shield.
Proud ensign! Glory of that dire debate,
Where dauntless Hay revers'd the Scottish fate;
When Loncarty beheld th' Albanian pow'rs
Vanquish'd, and routed on her sanguine shores;
'Twas then, great Hay oppos'd the shameful flight,
Drove back the conquer'd, and renew'd the fight;
Thro' Cimbrian ranks, impetuous, forc'd his way,
And thund'ring with his yoke restor'd the day.

Thro'

* *The brave Dundee, &c* The reader will please observe here, once for all, that we don't by any means pretend, these gentlemen were all nobilitated either before, or at this time. We only give them the titles of their posterity, in order to make the narration the clearer, and their names more obvious to the present age.

† *A fruitful region lies.* The Carse of Gowry.

By him thus, wondrous, rose the ruin'd state,
Conquer'd by loss, and triumph'd by defeat !

'Twere long in antient actions to engage,
And croud with diff'rent characters the page ;
Nor needful is the task. Our chiefs of old
Brave by succession, and by birthright bold ;
In all their father's various virtues shone,
And ev'ry fire descended in the son.
Bred to the field, and conscious of their might,
They rang'd the globe, and taught the world to fight.

From Fife's fair coast three thousand take the
plain,
Headed by Wemyss, and Crawford's ancient Thane.
The noble Wemyss ! M'Duff's immortal son,
M'Duff ! th' asserrer of the Scottish throne ;
Whose deeds let Birnane and Dunfinnan tell,
When Canmore battl'd * and the villain fell.

By Athol, and by Perth array'd to war,
Three thousand lances glitter in the air.
See ! glorious in his fires, the great Montrose,
Amidst his conqu'ring Grahams to battle goes.
His mail bright studs of gold enamel'd gild,
Th' immortal trophy of some ancient field.

M

Three

* *And the villain fell.* The story of M'Beath's usurpation, in the time of Malcom Canmore, and likewise the prophecy concerning Birnane wood's coming to Dunfinnan-castle, is so common, I need not insist on it.

Three times five hundred to the war proceed,
By Eglinton, and Nairn and Bothwell led.
Carrick and Lyle pour forth their hardy train,
And Kennedy conducts them to the plain.
Renfrew, and Bute, and Rothsay join their aid,
Glitters the godlike Stewart at their head.
Advance in arms the Argathelian lines,
And in the van the loyal Campbell shines,
Some faithful aids approach from Lothian's coast,
And Seton's loyal offspring leads the host.
From Mercia's fertile plains appear'd a band,
Obedient to the gallant Hume's command.
Confed'rate dales, and warlike borders join,
Proud at their head to see great Douglas shine.
Fierce Edward, last, leads from his native shores,
Rang'd to the field, the Gallovidian pow'rs.

Thus from the distant north, and Solway's sands,
At Bannock-burn arriv'd the loyal bands.
The King with joy beheld th' assembl'd train,
Full five and thirty thousand croud the plain.
The chiefs embrac'd, and view'd the squadrons round,
Assign'd their stations, and mark'd out the ground.
The leaders to the royal tent repair,
And o'er the fields encamp th' inferior war.
Now, in ten battles rang'd *, from Tweda's vales,
The south'ron pow'rs advance thro' Lothian dales ;
The

* *Battles*, for Battalions or Ranks.

The wide extended pomp the region fills,
 Glares o'er the lawns, and gleams along the hills.
 Nations on nations shade the crouded strand,
 From shore to shore, and cover half the land.
 Thick as the waving grain the valley clouds,
 Or leaves in spring that load the blooming woods;
 Lances and shields emit their blended rays,
 And o'er the distant plains confus'dly blaze.
 Thro' Lothian swift advance the swarming pow'rs,
 And sudden croud Bodotria's winding shores.
 Thence, quick, arriving at the * various fane,
 Wide o'er the fields encamp the num'rous train.

Detach'd old Stirling's fortress to secure,
 Before the host, Lord Clifford leads his pow'r.
 In arms eight hundred with that leader ride,
 Choice bands! the mighty Edward's chiefest pride.
 Meantime bold Randolf, charg'd a post to keep,
 Close by the temple, on a sloping steep,
 Thro' which, unheeded by the Scots, the chief
 March'd his swift legions to the town's relief;
 Foul negligence! to expiate his offence,
 And sooth the just displeasure of his Prince;
 With eager steps pursues the traiterous war,
 Two hundred lances shining in his rear.
 Soon as the south'ron chief the Scots beheld,
 With force inferior, boldly take the field;

M 2

Disdainful,

* *Various fane.* Falkirk.

Disdainful, in array he rang'd his band,
And in the front himself and † Howard stand.
Howard the brave ! a knight renown'd in fame,
The boast, the glory of the south'ron name.
Ambitious chief ! too eager in the strife,
Too rashly bold, and prodigal of life ;
Forward thou rushest upon certain death,
And midst unnumber'd wounds resign'st thy breath.
Thy native troops with tears beheld thee bleed,
And England yet laments her hero dead.

Meanwhile the combat, furious, burns around,
And crimson tides roll, slipp'ry, o'er the ground.
Baulk'd in his first design, and fir'd with spite,
The haughty Clifford, vig'rous, urg'd the fight.
His lengthen'd ranks extended o'er the ground,
And just begun t' inclose the Scots around.
This Randolph saw, and, with a gen'ral's care,
Dispos'd into an orb his thinner war.
Each way objected, spears and gleaming shields,
Glitter an iron circle round the fields.
And now both hosts in closer combat join,
And thick'ning deaths in redder ruin shine.
Nor knows the ardent warrior to retire,
Fix'd where he stands to conquer or expire.
No blended shouts of war's tremendous voice,
Ring thro' the hills, or rattle in the skies,

The

† *Howard stand.* Sir William Howard, the noble ancestor of the Duke of Norfolk.

The busied field hears no tumultuous breath,
 But clashing armour, and the groan of death.
 Glorious each chief, and grim with dust and blood,
 Amidst the war with rival fury rode.
 Along the strand the wid'ning havock spread,
 And round them roll'd in heaps the mangl'd dead.
 But English bow-men, long in battle skill'd,
 With feather'd deaths sore gall'd the Scottish field.
 This Douglas viewing from the camp afar,
 Thus to the King prefers a soldier's pray'r.
 "Sov'reign ! he said, May heav'n direct the day,
 ' And may to-morrow's sun secure thy sway.
 ' As I with pity view yon dreadful scene,
 ' And Randolf sweating on th' unequal plain.
 ' Opprest with numbers, and o'erwhelm'd with foes,
 ' Behold your hero fainting in your cause.
 ' Soon shall he fall 'midst yon superior host,
 ' And Scotia in her second hope be lost.
 ' Forbid it fate !—and thou, our gen'rous Prince,
 ' Forgive a nephew's * undesign'd offence ;
 ' O'erlook the fault, and let me haste to share
 ' Yon bloody field, and turn the scale of war.

M 3

' So

* *Undesign'd offence.* Randolf had been commanded by the King to guard a pass near the church, by which the enemy behov'd to march to the relief of Stirling ; but, having neglected it, he was obliged to follow and attack them on the plain, with numbers much inferior to theirs.

‘ So may kind heav’n confirm thy right divine,
‘ And fix the sceptre ever in thy line.”

He said—The Monarch thus himself exprest,
(The gen’ral scene engrossing, all his breast)
“ No aid from us this day shall skreen his crime,
‘ My slighted words, and his neglected time.
‘ Let him, unsuccour’d, ’midst yon furious croud,
‘ Feel his past folly, and repent in blood.”

He spoke, and thro’ the camp pursu’d his way,
To view the troops, and predispose the day.
Still on the spot the hardy Douglas stay’d,
Fix’d to his purpose, and resolv’d to aid :
When now the foe, with pleasure he beheld,
Loose in their ranks, and reeling in the field :
Randolf and his, with unresisted might,
Bearing down crouds, and bursting thro’ the fight.
Then stopt th’ intended aid—least aid had stain’d,
The glory by such blood and labour gain’d.
And now Lord Clifford’s troops desert the war,
And Randolf thunders on the flying rear.
Back to their host retreats the routed train,
And twice two hundred breathless press the plain.
Randolf returns, the Monarch graspt his hand,
And to their rest ordain’d the weary band.

By this the night * unusual darkness spreads,
And heav’n and earth involves in thickest shades.

No

* *Unusual darkness, &c.* This was the more re-

No beams from Cynthia's silver orb appear,
 No lesser taper twinkles in the sphere;
 But nature sunk in fable horrors lay
 Profound, and pregnant with the future day:
 Yet watchful BRUCE exerts a father's care,
 And thro' the silent gloom explores the war.
 Views all the lines, now part in slumbers lost,
 Part talking, wakeful, of the adverse host.
 In deep attention, still he march'd along,
 And mark'd the whole behaviour of the throng.
 In ev'ry word, in ev'ry gesture skill'd:
 And as he went dispos'd th' approaching field.
 Near to th' entrenchments stood an ancient fane,
 The pious structure of some former reign;
 Where midnight vows employ the rev'rend fires,
 And twinkle in their lamps the drowsy fires,
 Thither his private oraisons to pay,
 Devout, the Monarch treads his silent way.
 The priests receive him with paternal care;
 But soon to heav'n as he prefers his pray'r,
 Dreadful, thro' all the skies loud thunders roll,
 And the thick lightning gleams from pole to pole.
 The fathers, hastening to the porch, espy,
 Two flaming armies combat in the sky.

The

markable, upon account of the season of the year, it
 being on the 20th of June, when in these climates
 there is little or no darkness at all.

The legions seem'd to blaze in red attire,
And all the visionary war on fire.
Then sudden, in a trail of flashy light,
Downward bright Ariel shoots along the night;
Straight to the King appears within the shrine,
Celestial glories round his temples shine.
His flowing robe in azure volumes roll'd,
Bright sapphires blazing on ætherial gold,
(Pure radiant gold of heav'n, without alloy)
Around the fane diffus'd a flood of day!
The gen'rous Monarch, at the sight amaz'd,
On the bright form with awful rev'rence gaz'd;
When Ariel thus. "From regions distant far,
' Beyond the convex of yon arched sphere;
' Where blissful minds dissolv'd in raptures lye,
' Or float on azure pinions thro' the sky;
' Or on the Trine's immortal glories gaze,
' Bask in the beams, and live upon the blaze:
' Down from those happy seats, to thee I come,
' To sooth thy cares—Not to unfold thy doom.
' That secret lies beyond the realms of light,
' Far in the womb of fate, and wrapt in night.
' To heights of future scenes in vain we soar,
' The sole, fix'd priv'lege of eternal pow'r!
' No more I know, but that to morrow's ray
' Is doom'd to finish this contended sway.
' Thee I behold, with anxious cares oppress'd,
' Alone to heav'n resign thy pious breast.

Go

‘ Go then, and boldly meet the stern debate,
 ‘ Be still thyself, and leave th’ event to fate.
 ‘ With pious courage fraught, thy fortune try,
 ‘ A fortune not unfavour’d by the sky.”

This said, the seraph swiftly wings his way,
 Mounts thro’ the spheres, and gains upon the day.
 Full of the wond’rous scene, the Monarch trod
 Back to the camp his solitary road ;
 Alone unto the royal tent repairs,
 And a short slumber overshades his cares.

From ocean now uprais’d, the god of day,
 Mournful and slow pursues his airy way.
 The fiery car the steeds reluctant, roll,
 Recoil, and scarce oppose the whirling pole.
 Condense the vapours, not to feed the blaze,
 Or add fresh fuel to decaying rays ;
 But that the beams might point oblique, nor gild,
 Direct, the horrors of so dire a field.

Now from Falkirk, by Fortha’s winding coast,
 In dreadful order moves the south’ron host.
 Men, arms and steeds the mountains shade afar,
 And vallies groan beneath the load of war.
 Unfurl’d in air the golden banners play,
 And clarions, drums, and trumpets rouse the day.
 Adjoining hills the loud alarm rebound,
 And rocks and forests multiply the sound.

Great

Great in the van, and awful as a god,
In gems and gold the mighty Edward rode.
Round him all sheath'd in mail, a dreadful line,
Three thousand warriors on barb'd courfers shine:
Bold Glo'ster, and Bohun, a martial knight,
Oxford, and Kent, and Hertford guard the right.
The left obeys fly Omphraville's commands,
Join'd by Corspatrick's and by Clifford's bands.
The troops from Belgium, and from Gallia's coast,
Make up the center of the martial host.
Monmouth, O'Neil and Desmont next appear,
And with united squadrons guard the rear.
The quiver'd bands around the flanks dispos'd,
On either side the moving battles clos'd.
In pompous order thus the num'rous train,
Forward advances to the destin'd plain.

Thro' BRUCE's host next ring the loud alarms,
And Caledonian trumpets sound to arms.
All o'er the camp the ready squadrons stand,
And wait, impatient for their chief's command.
Forth from his tent advancing to the lines,
The daring Monarch in bright armour shines.
A cheerful vigour sparkles in his eyes,
And o'er his face the martial terrors rise.
Blaz'd his strong corset on his ample breast,
And nodded on his helm a bloody crest.
Fast by his thigh bright shone his flaming brand,
An ax of steel gleam'd in his better hand.

The

The legions joyful, on their Monarch stare,
 And wonder at the godlike form of war.
 The Grampian chiefs, array'd in warlike state,
 With cheerful pomp upon their Monarch wait.
 And now to battle arms each loyal band,
 And thick'ning squadrons form along the strand.
 Glare in the van the bold Tæzalian lines,
 And at their head the noble Randolph shines.
 Rang'd on the right the south'ron legions stood,
 And on their front the fiery Edward rode.
 With him experienc'd Boyd divides the sway,
 Sent by the King to guide him thro' the day.
 Before the West, upon the left appears,
 Young Stuart, and Douglas joins his border-spears.
 The other chiefs their proper stations held,
 But these the gen'ral leaders of the field.
 Instructed last the rear in order stood,
 And at their head the King, unusual, rode.
 But whilst he views around th' embattl'd war,
 The gen'rous Keith supplies his master's care.

And now both hosts a mile divided sat,
 A short and anxious interval of fate;
 When great Caernarvon waves his awful hand,
 And list'ning thousands round their Monarch stand;
 Then thus, "Behold, my friends, our mighty pow'rs,
 ' From British climes conven'd, and foreign shores;
 ' Our fire's immortal laurels to maintain,
 ' And fix our conquests o'er the Grampian Reign:

Ev'n

‘ Ev’n here yourselves before have often fought,
‘ And frequent ruin on the rebels brought.
‘ This day have we a mightier force array’d,
‘ Than e’er at once our sire’s commands obey’d.
‘ You then who still with him victorious shone,
‘ Still conquer, nor degen’rate with the sen.
‘ Behold how thin appear yon dastard bands,
‘ Scarce half sufficient for our soldiers hands.
‘ Ev’n thousands here shall find no foe to slay,
‘ But idly share the triumphs of the day.
‘ Go then, my friends, attack the puny plain,
‘ And drive yon handful, scatter’d, to the main.
‘ Assert your own, assert your Monarch’s name,
‘ Let death, or fetters crush yon rebel’s claim.”
He spoke—With mingled shouts resounds the air,
And all the eager troops demand the war.

Now the bold BRUCE before the center stands,
And thus accosts his Caledonian bands.

“ Fellows in arms! Long did our fires oppose
‘ The haughty insults of ambitious foes.
‘ Long hath our country struggled with her fate,
‘ With Pictish fraud, and Saxons savage hate.
‘ These too supported by Ausonian powr’s,
‘ How did the mighty ruin spread her shores!
‘ What seas of blood, what mountains of the slain,
‘ Choak’d ev’ry vale, and strow’d each purple plain?

‘ Thus

' Thus fell our fires; or, drove by sword and flame,
 ' Fled far; and Scotia scarce remain'd a name.
 ' Yet heav'n, relenting heav'n beheld her fate,
 ' And arm'd the great restorer of the state!
 ' From frozen climes, and Scythia's distant strand,
 ' The godlike man collects the scatter'd band*.
 ' He came, he conquer'd, and her right restor'd,
 ' Doom'd to the sway, and Albion's fated Lord.
 ' Pictish and Saxon spoils his triumphs grace,
 ' These banish'd, those a quite extinguish'd race:
 ' Next from the North, where Baltic billows rave,
 ' And Cimbrian rocks the foamy tempests lave;
 ' Against our fires advance the swarming train,
 ' Our hardy fires, undaunted, take the plain.
 ' Let wond'ring Luncarty record the day,
 ' And to great Kenneth join the greater Hay.
 ' Let Malcolm next, and Keith's superior rage,
 ' And Barry's field run purple in the page!
 ' When Lochty's current, choak'd with tides of
 blood,
 ' Groan'd to the ocean in a crimson flood.
 ' For Scotia's right thus stood the Scots of old,
 ' Thus glare your fathers in recording gold.
 ' Such were their acts, and such their loyal fame,
 ' Such glories blaze around each deathless name!

N

' And

* *The Godlike man*, &c. Fergus II. who restor'd
 the Monarchy of Scotland, after it had been almost
 utterly extinguished by the Picts, Saxons and Romans.

' And now, my friends, this day, methinks I see
 ' These noble patriots in their progeny.
 ' This day ! the last of all our long debate,
 ' The fix'd, important period of our fate.
 ' How does yon King in gold and jewels glare !
 ' What pride of armies ! and what pomp of war !
 ' Behold yon vast array, yon swarming host,
 ' How the extended legions cloud the coast !
 ' This hour ! this instant hour of fate demands
 ' Your fathers souls, and all your fathers hands,
 ' We know the deeds of ev'ry doughty fire,
 ' Nor shall we doubt their hardy offspring's fire.
 ' Methinks I see great Graham undaunted go,
 ' 'Gainst Rome's proud eagles, and the Saxon foe.
 ' Here are his sons, behold the manly race,
 ' See how the father threatens in their face.
 ' Methinks I see the Douglas' fire of old,
 ' Red from his toils, and resting on the mold ;
 ' When the just prince enquir'd the Hero's name,
 ' And Sholto Dow Glas pointed him to fame*.

' Already

* *And Sholto Dow Glas, &c.* This is said by some to have happened in the reign of Salvathius King of Scots, Anno Dom. 787. *to wit*, That in an engagement betwixt the Scots and Picts, aided by the Saxons, the Scots were in a manner intirely routed ; but the extraordinary bravery of this Dow Glas turned the fortune of the day, and procured the victory to the Scots. The King enquired who he was whom he had seen behave so gallantly ; a gentleman pointed him out, as he rested himself on the ground, and said, Sholto Dow Glas, see *the black grey man*. The King loaded him with honours, and his family hath ever since bore that name.

' Already mention'd, needlss I run o'er,
 ' The trophies by our fires obtain'd before.
 ' This glorious day shall ev'n eclipse their rage,
 ' And Bannock-burn roll redder in the page;
 ' A new, a nobler æra shall unfold,
 ' And Scotia's sons shall stand in brighter gold.
 ' Pardon, my friends! that I the field delay,
 ' And stop with words the laurels of the day;
 ' That I retard the freedom of the state,
 ' Your glory, and my own propitious fate.
 ' Go on, brave Scots! and let each hero's fire
 ' Prove his bold lineage, and assert his fire.
 ' Scotia this day demands her ancient right,
 ' 'Tis Scotia arms her daring sons to fight.
 ' The pride, the hate, the tyranny you know,
 ' And all the rage of yon relentless foe:
 ' Think then, your wives, and helpless infants stand,
 ' And weep for safety at each warriors's hand.
 ' Dear pledges! Let their images remain
 ' Fix'd in your souls, and bear you thro' the plain.
 ' Let those soft ties of life, your better part,
 ' String ev'ry nerve, and steel each hero's heart;
 ' Thro' ev'ry scene of action point your way,
 ' And heav'n, propitious, shall conduct the day."

He spoke-----And tears, indignant, swell'd their
 eyes,

And furious shouts to battle tore the skies.

But pious BRUCE, in view of all the host,
Prone on the earth his suppliant body cast;
His hand apply'd unto his spotless breast,
And thus the father of the skies address.

“ Immortal pow'r! Whose sacred voice, supreme,
‘ Spoke to existence this stupendous frame;
‘ Who sway’st the nations with thy dreadful nod;
‘ And crowns, and trembling thrones confess the
God!
‘ If e’er with lips unfeign’d my vows I paid,
‘ If e’er my soul a pure oblation made;
‘ Regard my suff’rings past, attend my woes,
‘ And judge, O judge! this day thy suppliant’s cause,
‘ If I, unrighteous, fall before yon foe,
‘ From thee, submissive, I receive the blow.
‘ But if my right th’ Almighty’s aid can claim,
‘ Aid thou, and teach me to adore thy name,”
The pious Monarch thus. And all the bands,
With humble hearts, and with uplifted hands,
Devout, address the sov’reign pow’r on high,
Confess their guilt, and deprecate the sky.

This done, advancing from the south’ron train,
A knight in shining armour cross’d the plain*,
His haughty mien, and his gigantic size
At once attracted ev’ry warrior’s eyes. Now

* *Knight in shining armour, &c.* This is said to be Sir Henry Boeme, or Bohun, of the family of Warwick.

The hardy champion forth, disdainful, rode,
 And in his left a lance, enormous, stood.
 Approaching, he defies each Scottish knight,
 And dares the bravest out to single fight.
 Soon as the King the giant-foe beheld,
 Alone defy his legions on the field,
 The steed he reins, and rushes o'er the strand ;
 An axe well temper'd charg'd his better hand :
 Dauntless he rode to meet the champion's force,
 And the proud knight begins his furious course ;
 Full at the Monarch aims his length of spear,
 Th' eluded weapon spends its strength in air.
 The courser bore him on; but as he past,
 (Just where the plume stood nodding on his crest)
 A forceful blow the Monarch aims with skill,
 Thro' helm and brain down rush'd the shining steel.
 Prone fell the champion on the gorey strand,
 And the stern visage threaten'd on the sand.
 This saw both hosts, and, from th' important fight,
 Each takes the omen of the future fight.
 Returns the King ; his worth each bosom fires,
 And ev'ry leader to his post retires.

And now both armies for the fight prepare,
 And shriller clangors animate the war.
 Drums, trumpets, clarions blend their warlike noise,
 Ring thro' the air, and eccho thro' the skies.

Woods, vales, and mountains the alarm rebound,
And heav'n and earth appear'd involv'd in sound.

Say, Sacred nine ! the dreadful scene relate,
And paint the wonders of this day of fate !
Approach the foe, ten thousand Glo'ster heads,
Ten thousand more the hardy Hertford leads.
Full on the Scottish right they shape their way,
Where Edward's legions lin'd the hollow bay ;
The hollow bay thick set with piles before,
And with factitious turff dissembled o'er.
Arm'd on rich steeds the south'rons thither bound,
And plunge at once into the faithless ground.
Five thousand whole lay wallowing in the shore,
And sharpen'd spikes five thousand courfers gore.
Edward to war his infantry commands ;
Rush the fierce foot amidst th' entangled bands.
Their fiery leader thunders at their head,
And fast around the wid'ning slaughter spread.
Warriors and steeds lay in one ruin mix'd,
By craft ingulph'd, and secret piles transfix'd.
The rest, affrighted, from the fatal coast,
Confus'dly flying, join'd the distant host.

Again in air the south'ron banners play,
And fifty thousand issue to the day.
The hardy Monmouth heads his Cambrian force,
And Oxford joins his Trinobantian horse.

To meet those battles dauntless Edward goes,
 But looks for aid against such odds of foes.
 Nor long expects. Before his hardy lines,
 Soon at his side the noble Randolph shines.
 In quick battalia form'd each adverse train,
 With double rage commenc'd the second plain.
 Together fast the burst of battle goes,
 And to the skies the shouts, tremendous, rose,
 As when loud winds the foamy surges sweep,
 And from its caverns tear the bellowing deep;
 Or, as fierce flames their crackling torrents pour
 Thro' mountain-forests, and the shades devour;
 Just with such rage the hosts together bound,
 Just so the clamours thro' the heav'ns resound.
 Soon as the crash of spears obscures the air,
 At once unsheath'd the gleamy faulchions glare.
 From clashing arms the blended sparkles blaze.
 And blushing torrents form a crimson maze.
 Here haughty Monmouth thunders in his might;
 There hardy Oxford animates the fight,
 In vain. See where fierce Edward swims in gore,
 And Randolph's mighty arms lays waste the shore;
 See where the spreading ruins of the slain,
 Thicken, and grow, and widen o'er the plain!
 Incline the south'ron ranks, nor longer dare
 Oppose the fury of the Grampian war.

Monmouth

Monmouth and Oxford see their troops give way,
And, pierc'd with wounds, themselves forsake the day.
Retreat the legions to the gen'ral host,
And twenty thousand, lifeless, strow the coast.
The Scots soon rally, and their standards join,
And the form'd troops again in order shine.

Doubly repuls'd, now all the south'ron war,
Fir'd with resentment, for the field prepare.
In gold array'd, and blazing diamonds bright,
The mighty king rode foremost to the fight.
Three thousand knights in mail, severely gay,
Rich on barb'd steeds conduct him to the day.
The long extended legions fill the train,
And crouding nations thicken on the plain.
Aloft, unfurl'd, the gilded standards fly,
And all the pomp of battle strikes the sky.
Where Edward's legions and brave Randolph's stood,
Rally'd, and reeking still with recent blood;
Array'd, the banded squadrons proudly fare,
In all the dire magnificence of war.
Unequal match! But ere th' attack begun,
Amidst the chiefs the doughty Douglas shone.
Three thousand bord'ers his command obey,
Fresh to the field, and ardent for the day.
Him gallant Stuart in burnish'd armour joins,
And to the onset leads his western lines.

Heroic

Heroic youth ! Nor had five lustres shed
Their circling seasons o'er his blooming head.

The charge begins. The hosts together bound,
And steeds and warriors tumble on the ground,
The crashing spears in clouds of splinters rise,
Fierce thund'ring noise, deep groans and mingled cries
Ring round the forests ; ecchoing rocks reply,
And all the war redoubles in the sky.
The monarch's steely guards, amidst the fight,
On Edward's legions pour their awful might ;
Edward as furious meets the iron-train,
And heads and helmets ring against the plain.
Hibernian foot, and Gallia's warlike horse,
Toward the noble Randolf bend their course.
The noble Randolf 'gainst those squadrons rode,
And foreign gore soon swell'd the neighb'ring flood.
What wonders were by dreadful Douglas wrought !
And ev'n young Stuart, not undistinguish'd, fought.
But Omphraville, in arts of war long skill'd,
Draws forth the south'ron bowmen to the field.
Rang'd to th' attack, full fifty thousand came,
That drunk the Tine, and Humber's tumbling stream.
From twanging yews the whizzing tempests fly,
And clouds of feather'd fates obscure the sky.

By this Hyperion on his radiant car,
Flam'd in the zenith of the middle sphere.

And

And now th' unerring balances on high,
Fram'd of pure gold, depended from the sky ;
The work of art divine, to weigh the fates
Of rival monarchs, and contending states ;
Impartial heav'n's decrees ordain'd to prove,
And fix th' eternal equity above.
Bright in the azure vault the balance shone*,
And British fates in either side are thrown.
Sinking more pond'rous, Scotia's lots prevail ;
High mounts in air, o'erpois'd, the south'ron scale.

Meanwhile the King, not yet engag'd, beheld
The bold encounters on the various field ;
Joyful had view'd his glorious leaders fight,
In all the terrors of their fathers might ;
But now at last perceives the quiver'd pow'r,
By crafty Omphraville well known before,
Rang'd on the hostile flanks, in order glare,
And gall with distant wounds the Scottish war.
To arms he calls, and tribe by tribe draws forth,
Array'd to battle, the intrepid north.

Himself

* *Bright in the azure vault the balance shone.*
This piece of machinery (if we may call it so) the reader will find made use of both by Homer and Virgil ; nor is it any invention of theirs, or, indeed, owing to the Pagan theology. We have several authorities for it in sacred writ, particularly that of Daniel, in the account he gives of Belshazzar's feast, chap. 5. v. 27.

Himself before the squadrons takes the plain,
And Hay and Keith and Gordon fill the train.
His troops M'Kenzie to M'Donald joins,
And all the war in Scythian armour shines.
The dales around Hebridian axes gild,
And bossy bucklers glimmer o'er the field.
Detach'd before, the noble Marshall rode,
To quell the fury of the archer-croud.
Two thousand spears obey the chief's commands,
Fiercely they rush amidst the quiver'd bands.
The bold detachment dealt destruction round,
Bows, shafts and warriors mingling on the ground.
Not able to sustain their awful might,
Back to the rear the archers wing their flight.

By this the King, majestically great,
Shines in the center of the day of fate!
Stern terrors rising brood upon his brows,
And in his looks the God of battles glows.
Quick round the field his piercing eye-balls glare,
At once directed through each scene of war.
Then as the thunder, bursting from on high,
Drives thro' the gather'd wreck, and sweeps the sky;
While clouds, dissolv'd in mighty torrents, pour
The sounding ruin round the delug'd shore;
So rush'd the Monarch 'midst the thickest fight,
And flam'd in all the wonders of his might,

Gods!

Gods ! How his rage the wid'ning havock spread ?
How thick around him rose the growing dead ?
What tides of rolling gore, from ranks o'erthrown,
Unite, and swell, and deeper float the lawn.
The lawn ! that, late, fresh crown'd with verdure lay,
Now groans with death, and waves a purple sea.
The distant war, astonish'd, stops its course,
And, wond'ring, view'd his more than mortal force.
The hardy north's undaunted sons engage,
And second thro' the field their Monarch's rage.
The foreign troops, amaz'd, for flight prepare,
And ev'n the great Caernarvon dreads the war.
But Omphraville collects the stagg'ring lines,
And at their head once more that leader shines.
Bold Giles, the Argentine renown'd in fame,
And long in foreign fields a dreadful name,
Recalls the Belgian, and the Gallic horse,
And joins to Omphraville the rally'd force.
The Scottish battles, distant on the field,
Th' assembled foe's fresh rendezvous beheld ;
From diff'rent quarters their whole troops combine,
And all at once the Monarch's standard join. ¶
The monarch takes the van, and all his pow'r
Upon the foe with dreadful fury bore ;
On them the hardy foe as furious bound,
Deep groan'd beneath the shock the trembling
ground,

The

The mighty clash of arms resounds in air,
 And mountains eccho to the din of war.
 How did the BRUCE, in all his dread array,
 Renew the former wonders of the day!
 His rage thro' ev'ry scene of battle rang,
 Fam'd on the flanks, or lighten'd in the van.
 Gods! How fierce Edward urg'd the stern debate,
 From his bold hand what warriors met their fate!
 In vain the Gallic chief oppos'd his pow'r,
 Breathless by him extended on the shore.
 This Belgium saw, and Gaul's astonish'd horse,
 And fled, disorder'd, from his dreadful force.
 Bold Douglas, Randolf, Stuart, exert their might,
 Thunder thro' death, and drive the scatter'd fight.
 Their rage no more sustains the hostile band,
 All disarray'd, and reeling on the strand.
 And now the sun had shot a fainter ray,
 His car declining to the western sea;
 When from the heights descend the Scottish swains;
 The foe beheld afresh the cover'd plains.
 They gaze some time, astonish'd at the sight,
 Then all at once precipitate their flight.
 His armies routed, and his honour lost,
 The great Caernarvon leaves the bloody coast.
 To where loud billows beat Dumbarton's shores,
 He flies; and Douglas drives the scatter'd pow'rs.
 By sea at last he gains his native sway;
 Dead in the chase three thousand victims lay.

Of hostile corpses (dreadful to relate !),
 Full fifty thousand gorg'd the field of fate,
 Four hundred spurs of gold, Equestrian spoils !
 Part grace, and part reward the Grampian toils.
 There Typont fell, and Gloucester the brave
 From BRUCE's gen'rous bounty found a grave.
 There the bold Argentine's fam'd laurels faded,
 Mix'd with the ruins of the vulgar dead.
 The Argentine, who never knew to yield,
 And scorn'd to fly, inglorious, from the field :
 In distant climes for martial toils renown'd,
 And thrice his head with Pagan triumphs crown'd.
 Four thousand Scottish warriors yield their breath,
 Loyal in life, and glorious in their death
 There Typont fell, and Ross, renown'd of old,
 But still, in Scotia's annals, live in gold.
 While thrice the sun his course diurnal rolls,
 And shades, successive, thrice invoke the poles ;
 Still Bannock-burn, choak'd with a tide of gore,
 Groan'd in deep murmurs to its ghastly shore.
 Edward escap'd, bold Douglas leads his host
 Back to victorious BRUCE by Forth's coast.
 Conjoin'd, to Stirling march'd the laurel'd war,
 And spoils of nations load each groaning car.

Vast

† *The bold Argentine's, &c.* Sir Giles the Argentine, who commanded a part of the foreign auxiliaries, and had done signal services abroad against the Saracens. He was called the Argentine, from *Argentino*, a city of *Allatia* in Germany, now *Straßburg*.

Vast troops of captive foes the pomp adorn'd,
 And haughty chiefs in hostile fetters mourn'd.
 Chiefs who, ettsoons by gen'rous BRUCE dismiss,
 Restor'd his royal consort to his breast.
 Moubray the fort surrenders, loyal grown,
 And henceforth faithful to the Scottish crown.

Now, glorious BRUCE (all opposition quell'd,
 Each faction crush'd, and ev'ry foe repell'd),
 Throughout the provinces proclaims his sway;
 At once the willing provinces obey.
 From far Pomona's coast to Solway's shore,
 Each subject, loyal, owns his sov'reign pow'r,
 His friends rewarded, and his host dismiss,
 With bounty loaded, and with freedom blest;
 Each office he invests with due command,
 Dispenses laws, and constitutes the land.
 No more dare foreign foes his right invade,
 No more dares faction lift its rebel head.
 No more the Grampian swain in battle bleeds,
 But to the sword the peaceful rake succeeds.
 The lab'ring hind, free from oppressive toil,
 Turns the rich furrows of his native soil;
 In freedom, peace and plenty wastes the day,
 And all th' indulgence of a righteous sway.
 No longer Caledonia now deplores,
 Her ruin'd cities, and her desert shores;
 Her cities, round, their ancient splendor gain,
 And golden harvests wave on ev'ry plain.

At home rever'd, abroad diffus'd by fame,
Through distant climes resounds the Brussian name.

Thus far the Muse, in unambitious strains,
Hath sung the Monarch sweating on the plains.
Immers'd in ills, with perils long beset,
(Glorious in patience, and resign'dly great !)
Till-by degrees he gain'd upon his foes,
Grew in distress, and on his dangers rose ;
Triumphant 'midst the spoils of nations shone ;
And now unrival'd, mounts his native throne :
Where regal ore, and gems his brows infold,
And everlasting laurels shade the gold.

While circling spheres their endless rounds shall run
And feel the genial influence of the sun ;
While earth shall daily on her axle roll,
And the slow wain attend the freezing pole ;
While monthly moons their revolutions keep,
By turns shall raise, and sink by turns the deep ;
While Fortha, spacious, rolls her winding waves,
And Tay's rich stream Æneian borders laves ;
Still dear to Albion be her BRUCE's fame,
Sacred his merit, and rever'd his name.

So may just heav'n maintain her ancient crown,
And Banquo's race for ever fill her throne.
May both, ye Gods ! one final period know,
That cease to rule, and Fortha cease to flow.

End of the Life of King ROBERT BRUCE.

EDOM o' GORDON,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
 Quhen the wind blew schril and cauld,
 Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
 We maun draw to a hauld.

And quhat a hauld fall we draw to,
 My mirry men and me ?
 We wul gae to the house o' the Rhodes,
 To see that fair ladie.

The lady stude on hir castle wa',
 Beneath baith dale and down :
 There she espy'd a host of men
 Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat, my mirry men a' ?

O see ze nat quhat I see ?

Methinks I see a host of men :

I merveil quha they be.

She ween'd it had been hir lovely lord,

As he cam ryding hame ;

It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,

Quha reekt nae fin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hirsel,

And puttin on hir gown,

Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper sett,
Nae sooner said the grace,

Till Edom o' Gordon and his men,
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa fast as she could drie,
To see if by hir fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he saw this lady faif,
And her gates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his hart was all agast.

Cum down to me, ze lady gay,
Cum down, come down to me :
This night fall ye lig within mine armes,
To morrow my bride fall be.

I winnae cum down, ze fals Gordon,
I winnae cum down to thee ;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour house to me,
Or I fall bren yoursel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordon,
To nae sik traitor as zee;

And if ze bren my ain dear babes,
My lord fall make ze drie.

But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ze weil my gun:

For, but if I pierce that bloody butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,
And let twa bullets flee:

She mist that bluidy butcher's hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordon,
All wood wi' dule and ire:

Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,
As ze bren in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;

Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil your hire;

Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
To me lets in the fire.

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ze paid me weil my fee:

But

But now I'me Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either doe or die.

O then bespaik hir little son,
Sate on the nourice' knee :

Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then bespaik her dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma :
O row me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towd hir owre the wa :
But on the point of Gordon's spear,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry wer hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair.
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan !
He sayd, Ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was whyte !

I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been sum mans delyte.

Bulk and boun, my merry men a';
For ill dooms I do gues ;

I cannae luik on that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grafs.

Thame, luiks to frets, my master dear,
Then freits will follow thame :

Lat it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye saw the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,

She wept and kist her children twain,
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,
And said, Awa', awa' ;

This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.

O then bespy'd hir ain dear lord,
As hee cam owre the lee ;

He seed his castle all in a blaze
Sae far as he could see.

Then fair, O fair his mind misgave,
And all his hart was wae :

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sa fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
As fast as ze can drie ;

For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
Sall neir get guid o' me.

Then sum they radé, and sum they ran,
Fou fast out owre the bent ;

But eir the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenfu' muid :

O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ze fall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sa fast as he might drie ;

And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

The FLOWERS of the FOREST.

**A SONG, made after the fatal Battle of Flowden-
hill, fought anno 1514.**

I.

I'VE heard of a liltin' at our ewes milking,
Lasses a-liltin' before break of day ;

But

But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
That our bra' Foresters are a' wede away.

II.

At boughts in the morning, nae blyth lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, dowie and wae :
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

III.

At e'en in the gloming, nae swankies are roaming
'Mong stacks with the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest that are wede away.

IV.

At har'ft at the shearing, nae younkers are jeering,
The bansters are runkled, lyart and grey,
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our bra' Foresters are a' wede away.

V.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border !
The English for anes by guile gat the day ;
The Flowers of the Forest that ay shone the foremost
The prime of our land lyes cauld in the clay.

VI.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our bra' Foresters are a' wede away.

F I N I S.

But now there is a new thing in the world
The world has been changed by the war

The world has been changed by the war
The world has been changed by the war
The world has been changed by the war

The world has been changed by the war
The world has been changed by the war
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